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ONE OF TWO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

Two girls before a mirror,—
One braiding the other's hair,
And twining in lustrous diamonds
Befitting her beauty rare.
The other with white hands folded
Looks in the mirror with pride,
But thinks not once on the paleness
Of the young face at her side.

One is a belle and a beauty,
Sitting so haughty and still,—
The other, the delicate-fingered,
Is only her sister Lille.
She cannot win hearts like the beauty,
Who queen of the ball will be,
But she toils with a sweetness and patience
I could almost weep to see.

The eyes of the beauty sparkle,
Counting her triumphs before,—
But the soft brown orbs of the sister
Say something that pleases me more.
You quiet and patient darling,
So meek to another's will,
I dream I shall love you and clasp you
To my heart and lips, sweet Lille!

At last the grand toilette is over,
I stay from the fete to-day,—
Mere diamonds never could dazzle
The watcher over the way.
But when all the rest have departed,
And the house seems empty and still,—
I shall timidly knock at the portal,
And ask for the heart of Lille!

THE PORTRAIT.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

The progress from the chamber Erle had occupied to the tastefully arranged lawn, commanding a view of grounds laid out in the most modern style of ornamental and landscape gardening, was like a rapid transition from one century to another. The one bore the aspect of dark gloom, of frowning, sullen, dreary antiquity, of times long past, when crime and power stalked hand in hand, of dismal corridors, of hidden recesses and passages subterranean and spectre-peopled.—The other of to-day, bright, sunny to-day, with all its marvellous improvements and felicitous facilities for comfort, enjoyment and parade.

Erle gazed upon the beautiful scene spread before him, with eyes of admiration and a throbbing heart. The gloom of the misty morning had broken away, and the sun was shining brightly. Stretched before him for a considerable distance, lay extensive pleasure grounds, upon a lengthened slope, down which terrace beneath terrace facilitated descent; serpentine, smoothly gravelled walks, flower beds of every shape and form, green with hardy shrubs and brilliant with late flowering plants; statuary and fountains; everything which taste could devise, skill execute, and wealth contribute to, was there.

A background of park, woodland, hill, dale, and distant mountain completed the prospect.

In the grounds, in various parts, might be seen the guests of the night before, strolling in small groups, at various distances apart, while immediately before his eyes stood clustered Lady Kingswood, the Marquis of Chillingham, Lady Maud, and Cyril.

As he approached them with Lord Kingswood, he perceived that every eye was turned upon him, a discovery which would have singularly embarrassed him, but that he beheld an expression on the face of the fair young Lady Maud, which it was impossible for him not to interpret as a pleased welcome.

Pharisee, the valet, in delivering the message entrusted to him by Lady Kingswood, had omitted the word equestrian. Both Lord Kingswood and Erle arrived in the expectation of sharing in a mere ramble through the shadowy pathways in the spacious, undulating, well-wooded park. They perceived, however, upon their arrival, that the party were equipped for riding, and at some short distance several grooms were in charge of a group of valuable and handsome steeds.

Lady Maud, attired in a close-fitting, dark green riding-habit, wore upon her head a black Rubens hat, to which clung a white ostrich feather, fluttering and quivering in the lightest breeze.

Her graceful, youthful form, her sweet face, and her soft, dreamy, liquid eyes, never appeared to greater advantage. At least Erle thought so, and at the same time believed that human nature need reach no nearer perfection than the entrancing point at which she had arrived.

Why did she blush when she saw him approaching her?

Why did the pulses of his heart beat quicker, and a rosy glow heighten the color of his pale cheek, as his quick and eager eye first caught her exquisitely formed figure standing near to his Cousin Cyril, rather in an attitude of expectancy than of attention to his remarks?

We shall perhaps know anon.

Lady Kingswood, who, in her equestrian attire, looked a yet finer and handsomer woman than she had in Erle's eyes previously appeared, awaited with no less excitement the arrival of Lord Kingswood and his mysterious *protege*. She had, by the aid of her confidential maid, become mistress of what had happened after she, with the ladies, had quitted the dining-room. She was also aware of Lord Kingswood's early visit to Erle Gower. Adding these incidents to what she had already been told, her faith in Lord Kingswood, and Erle's explanation as to his own true history, were materially shaken.

She was pretty well convinced that the course she had adopted had elicited something not set down in Lord Kingswood's programme respecting Erle. She was therefore firmly resolved to wrest the truth from him. Her suspicious nature forbade her to rest until she knew all; but it had helped her to conjectures and self-assurances which were very remote from the truth.

She was surprised to receive Lord Kingswood's ready assent to her proposition, conveyed to her in terms of Pharisee's coining, yet further surprised to behold the alteration in his manner.

He approached her, with Erle resting on his arm, and as they drew near to her, a sudden pang went through her heart, a numbness seemed to seize her limbs, and her face became the hue of marble.

She beheld in the two faces a strange resemblance—not of feature, of expression, or of color; but it was as though both faces had been fashioned from one model, and possessed only shades of difference.

What was yet more striking, Erle's face resembled, in a singular degree, the nobler and grander countenances of the Kingswood ancestry—those who had stood high in the country's estimation, and yet higher in courtly favor during the turbulent reigns of the Henrys and the Edwards.

As this unpleasant thought crossed her, she stood like a statue, with white face, fixed eyes, and compressed lips. Her inflated nostrils alone, as they pulsated, exhibited signs of animation.

There was within the older portion of the building at Kingswood an ancestral portrait gallery, where all the progenitors of the race frowned loftily down on the modern spectator, in the most massive of carved oak frames. This antique hall was adorned with full-length men in armor, was ornamented with arms of all kinds, and decorated with banners borne before the barons of Kingswood, or captured by them in civil wars or in battles with the French.

Lady Kingswood had no taste for such exhibitions, and one rather hurried examination had satisfied her during the whole of her married life. Very impressionable when young—scarcely less so now—she had gazed upon the stern, pale faces, looking loftily and sternly down upon her, with a species of awful dread. She had never forgotten them: she remembered them vividly now.

An instant resolve was formed by her to herself—to conduct Erle, and alone, to this old, ghostly hall, observe the effect the portraits had upon him, compare [illegible] those hanging there; and then, with Erle and Lord Kingswood face to face, demand a disclosure of the secret which she had already constructed, fashioned, completed, without the smallest proof that she even approached the truth.

In this, Lady Kingswood resembled too many of her sex. It is constantly asserted that woman intuitively jumps to the truth. So she may when she actually reaches it, but alas! for herself and for others, she far more frequently jumps where she believes truth to be, but where it certainly is not.

Lord Kingswood affected a relieved mind and a gracious courtesy; both were affected. He, accustomed to the variable changes in the expressive features of Lady Kingswood, quickly interpreted their present aspect to feelings unfavorable to himself; but he endeavored so to disguise this discovery that Lady Kingswood should believe her searching look at him had failed in its effect, simply because it was unfounded. At the same time, he endeavored to efface, by his present affability and urbanity, the effects of the incident of the night before.

It was true, that on the face and in the manner of the Marquis of Chillingham no change was perceptible. Nor did the self-possession of Lady Kingswood, who quickly recovered from the excitement occasioned by the agonizing thought which flashed through her mind on the approach of Erle, suffer her to betray the slightest want of ease. Nevertheless, far more genuine and truthful in their natures, both the Lady Maud and Cyril could not help their faces becoming a reflex of their thoughts.

They both exhibited embarrassment, not for themselves, but for Erle. Cyril only too acutely remembered the scene his father had occasioned the night previously, and Lady Maud had already heard of it. Lord Kingswood perceived their perplexedness, and with an overdone frankness, probably not genuine, he presented Erle to both, and desired them to improve their acquaintanceship.

Lady Kingswood interrupted him as he was about to address her, by saying, haughtily—

"Your lordship need not trouble yourself. Mr. Gower and I are already very good friends." Then she added, with a fascinating smile, which caused the Marquis of Chillingham to screw up his eyelids, and Lord Kingswood to bite his lips, "Are we not, Erle?"

Erle reddened, surprised by her abrupt use of his Christian name. He bowed, and in a low tone, said—

"I hope so, Lady Kingswood."

"Then," observed the Marquis of Chillingham, with sarcastic emphasis, "it will be needless for Kingswood to urge your ladyship to improve the acquaintance."

The eyelids of Lady Kingswood fluttered. She laughed a hollow, vacant laugh, and extended her hand to Erle. He took it, and bending over it, gently saluted it with his lips. The action was at once gentlemanly and graceful; it commended itself to the favor of Lady Kingswood. If Lady Maud observed it, we will not libel her generous and gentle nature by saying that it did not quite so strongly commend itself to her. Perhaps she might have preferred that part of the ceremony to have been omitted. Nevertheless, reserved as he seemed, he was now so handsome as to neglect those agreeable amenities of social life when occasion supplied him with the opportunity of exhibiting them.

It was wonderful to see how Cyril's face had brightened up after his father's recommendation to improve his acquaintance with Erle. He laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, as he receded from Lady Kingswood—

"You ride, of course, Gower?"

"I am passionately fond of riding," he replied, eagerly.

"Then I will secure you a good mount," exclaimed Cyril. "Hurry and equip yourself; I will see to your steed."

With what alacrity Erle obeyed, and returned, attired for the ride! Taking his text from Cyril, he had dressed himself for something more than a mere equestrian ramble. His wardrobe had been more amply supplied than he had anticipated, and among the many articles of dress it included, were the equipments for such an occasion as this.

His handsome figure was set off to advantage in his velvet hunting-coat, and his no less handsome face appeared very attractive beneath his black velvet cap, while his high Spanish leather boots, fitting to the shape of the leg as well as the foot, helped to give him a commanding appearance that his age did not warrant.

On his return, he found all mounted, save Lord Kingswood, who declined to ride, and, in preference, joined some of the guests wandering in the beautiful grounds.

A groom stood at the head of a horse, which appeared to have less mettle and showiness than any of the rest. His neck was strait, and somewhat short, but thick: his head, too, was rather small for his size, but his fore shoulder was of marvellous span, and his haunches unusually compact and massive. He was very straight in the legs, and stood as still as if he had been carved in stone, rather than instinct with full-blooded animal life.

Among the party shone rather conspicuously a new comer, mounted on a black horse of singular beauty. Its coat was as glossy as silk, and appeared to be of as fine a texture as satin, the neck was finely arched, the head well formed, the eye large, brilliant, and restless, the nostrils fiery red, and the limbs lithe and active as a thorough-bred racer.

He presented a very remarkable contrast to that which had been selected for Erle, he would not rest still an instant, but turned, pranced, pawed the earth, and reared during the whole period previous to the start.

The rider was Mr. Philip Avon.

He was dressed with scrupulous care, and was armed with a riding-whip, which resembled a thick walking-cane rather than the light weapon which might have been supposed to be sufficient to control such an animal as he was mounted upon. He had guided his steed to the side of that on which Lady Maud sat, and he regarded with no approving smile the appearance of Erle, whose eye met his as quickly as it was possible for the interchange of glances to come into collision.

Surely antipathies are formed as quickly as attachments, perhaps quicker. It took Erle less time to be sure that he detested Philip Avon, than to be satisfied that he really liked Lady Maud.

Without a word of recognition, he vaulted lightly into his saddle, and placed himself next to Lady Kingswood, in compliance with a gesture she made to him, and then the party set off—though not before Lady Kingswood had introduced Erle to Philip Avon.

The introduction was acknowledged with insolent distance, and returned with a haughty and defiant loftiness, which made Philip grate his teeth together.

At first the horses were only walked, Lady Kingswood keeping Erle in conversation, and, by artful questions respecting his horsemanship, and how he acquired it, extracting from him no little of the history of his early life.

The exhilarating air, the springy turf, the soft green of the waving trees, and the clear blue of the sky, animated the spirits of horse and rider, and it seemed as if they involuntarily broke into a canter of rather a brisk description.

The Marquis of Chillingham, who seemed inwardly to enjoy the attention Lady Kingswood paid to the handsome youth for a certain period, now edged his horse nearer to Lady Kingswood, and said, with the intention of diverting her attention to himself—

"I believe, Lady Kingswood, beyond the confines of the park, there still exists rather extensive remains of some celebrated old Chace, eh?"

"There does, my lord. The old forest of Kingswood, in the time of the Norman kings, was of vast extent: it contained the Royal Chace, itself a forest. No inconsiderable portion of it is still comprised in the barony of Kingswood, and I can assure you, my lord marquis, the tenantry possess, and circulate, the most marvellous, the most absurdly superstitious traditions respecting it, and our house, your lordship's, or any intelligent mind, can conceive."

"Your ladyship does not surprise me by that observation," returned the Marquis of Chillingham. "There is scarcely an old family in the kingdom without its ghost story."

So far, Erle overheard, but the remainder escaped his ear, for Cyril beckoned to him rather hastily, and as he joined him, he reined in his steed, so that they should fall back and exchange a few hurried whispers.

"That observation made by the marquis, and my mother's reply, mean a visit to the Chace, where I met you yesterday, and became indebted to you a service. Don't forget, not a word about what occurred."

Erle smiled.

"You may rely upon me," he returned.

"See, the marquis and Lady Kingswood are deep in the details of forestation and disafforestations, and forest laws generally—while Philip Avon is improving the occasion with Lady Maud. I like to make people happy, so let us go and upset Philip Avon's *tete-a-tete;* I am pretty sure Lady Maude is sick of his philippics by this time, and I know that an ounce of Cyril is worth a ton of Philip in her estimation."

He struck the flank of his horse with the spur as he spoke, and galloped towards the pair, who were well on in front. Erle was not loth to comply with this suggestion, especially as he hoped he should anon possess as much weight in the estimation of Lady Maud as either of them.

They had no sooner joined, however, to the very palpable vexation of Philip Avon, and to the satisfaction of Lady Maud, evinced by the sweet smile with which she welcomed them—than the voice of Lady Kingswood was heard calling to Cyril, and directing him to conduct them the nearest way to the Chace.

He shrugged his shoulders, smiled at Erle, and calling out, "Follow me!" pushed his horse on at a brisk pace, followed by the whole party.

Lady Maud, as Cyril pressed on, by a touch of the rein, guided her palfrey nearer to Erle, and most unexpectedly, at least to him, commenced speaking to him.

Although she did this with some hesitation of manner, it was plain to him that it was an effort to escape the close attentions of Philip Avon. He immediately felt bound to assist her in achieving her object, and found himself exceedingly fluent of speech.

At this moment they reached a stream of some width, and with a depth of bank between three and four feet. The horses of Lady Maud and Erle cleared it together, but both the marquis and Lady Kingswood sought a narrower and a fordable passage. Philip Avon's horse refused it, and after several trials to make him take the leap, he was fain to guide him where the stream was fordable, and there cross it,—not, however, until he had displayed his passionate temper by some violent and brutal blows upon the fractious animal.

Lady Maud and Erle were cantering on some distance ahead when he passed over the water, and he lashed his horse to its best speed and kept at it until he overtook them.

On reaching them, he found Cyril had slackened his speed, so that his companions could join him, and he greeted Philip Avon with a hearty laugh on his arrival.

"I was afraid you had come to grief," he exclaimed. "I saw you wandering along the bank in search of a dry spot, and then I lost sight of you."

"I think the devil himself is in the beast," returned Philip Avon, sulkily; "he refused the leap."

"Not wider than a lady's ribbon Gower?" observed Cyril to Erle.

"I scarcely noticed it," was the quiet answer.

"I should have thought your steed, judging by the beauty of his shape, would have deemed it worthy of particular attention, unless fiercely urged to take it," sneered Philip.

"I am well satisfied with him," returned Erle.

"And ought to be," rapidly rejoined Philip: "safe riders prefer quiet horses."

"I never turned a horse from anything he would face, be his mettle what it might," responded Erle.

"I'll be sworn you did not," exclaimed Cyril, with emphasis.

"We may have to test you yet before the ride is over," exclaimed Philip, savagely, reckless whether he kept within the bounds of good breeding or not.

"You may!" replied Erle, laconically, but haughtily.

"This is where the Chace commences, Lady Kingswood," cried Cyril, in a loud voice. "We must pass through yonder copse to get out into the broad glades of the old forest. There is one part of it very dark, therefore be careful how you pick your way through it, it is full of gaps and ridges."

"I will attend to her ladyship's horse," returned the marquis, in reply.

"Lady Maud, I will lead your horse," proffered Philip Avon, in a tone suasive, soft, very different to that in which he addressed Cyril.

"Thank you, no; I place my trust in my Cousin Cyril," returned Lady Maud, in a decided tone.

Cyril laughed gaily.

"You observe," he exclaimed, "there is but one Maud, and Cyril is her prophet."

"There is but one Maud," thought Erle, "but I fancy there is a mistake about the prophet."

They quickly fell almost into single file, Cyril leading the way, followed by Lady Maud, and Lady Kingswood, the Marquis of Chillingham holding the latter's bridle. Philip Avon, with marked rudeness, displaced Erle, and compelled him to bring up the rear. It was a small incident, and Erle laughed contemptuously at it. But it rankled.

The way was yet scarcely wide enough for two steeds to pass abreast, when Philip Avon perceived Erle in advance of him.

The copse was so dark, the necessity for caution so great, that it seemed impossible for Erle to do other than grope his way. Yet he had given his horse the rein, left him to pick his own way, slightly pricked him with the spur, and so Philip Avon was left behind.

It was not with a view of retaliation that this was done: Erle scorned so petty a pro-

ceeding. It was, in fact, because his keen eyes caught a glimpse of the dark figure of a man, dodging from tree to tree, and keeping as near Cyril as he could.

Erle might have thought little of this, had it not been that he perceived the figure raise its arm, as though to fling some heavy missile at Cyril's head, and that he paused only because he could not take a satisfactory aim.

At length he saw Cyril and Lady Maud emerge into the daylight. Then the missile was hurled with deadly force, but it only whistled past Cyril's temple, without hitting him.

The effect of this dastardly outrage was to cause Cyril to rein in his steed, in order to ascertain whence it had proceeded, and from whom.

Erle, at this moment, uttered a loud cry, and dashed past the Marquis of Chillingham with such force as nearly to overthrow him, and in an instant he was up with a man, who, with upraised club behind Cyril, and unseen by him, was about to deliver a blow, which, if it missed him not, would either slay him or maim him for life.

He delivered with swiftness a fearful lash across the man's face, who uttered a wild yell as he received it, and missed, in consequence, his mark. But, unhappily, the hedge-stake with which he was armed glanced from Cyril's horse and descended with frightful force upon the haunches of the high-bred, high-blooded steed on which the Lady Maud was mounted.

The horse uttered a scream of pain, plunged for an instant with frantic violence, and tearing his bridal from Cyril's hand, fled down the glade with the velocity of a race-horse, the Lady Maud clinging to the pommel of the saddle.

Sticking his spurs into his horse's flanks, and animating him with his voice, Erle dashed after Lady Maud, leaving Cyril to settle with the man, whom he recognized as Tubal Kish. Almost instantly he found a horse's head at his saddle-girths, and the animal tearing along as furiously as his own. At the same time a voice shouted fiercely—

"Clear the path or I'll cut you down. This task is mine."

If a glance of the eye could slay like a stroke of lightning, Philip Avon would have been struck dead in his saddle. Erle's eyes literally flashed fire.

"Not for a thousand Philip Avons will I give way. You shall answer for your insolent threat. Mine the task to save her yet more justly than thine!" he responded passionately. "Away!"

Over heaths and furzes, under the straggling arms of old, old trees, down sweeping slopes, up rugged rises, now over a sand gap, anon through a slushy pool, clearing every impediment, flew Maud's horse, hotly pursued by Erle and Philip Avon.

In vain the latter lashed his magnificent steed, spurred and railed at him; he could not cause him to overtake that on which Erle was mounted, and which, intense as was his anxiety, he animated to the pursuit by his voice and the gentle pressure of his hand alone.

At the top of his voice he urged Lady Maud to keep her seat and he would yet save her, dangerous and critical as her position appeared, and she heard his voice, and listening, he [illegible] crashing and leaping [illegible] and prickly underwood along the [illegible] bottom and into the open space, now Erle urged his steed, for yet at his back, shouting and lashing madly, came Philip Avon. Erle's horse answered the call, and pressed forward at a yet swifter pace.

Now rose up suddenly before them a long, stone, ancient wall, crumbling to ruins, part of the boundary-wall of the old castle grounds. It was topped with ivy, and was a startling height to get over. But Maud's horse went at it, scrambled through the ivy which surmounted it, displaced a stone or two, but alighted on its feet on the other side, and dashed on again.

With a loud cheer, a sharp prick with the spurs, and Erle's horse cleared it like a deer. On he went in pursuit, now pressing his horse more than ever, for before him he saw that a wide chasm had been cut in the hill they were descending in order to form a level road to a neighboring quarry, and that this chasm was evidently the part of the hill to which Lady Maud's horse was making, some twenty or thirty feet deep. If he could not succeed in stopping it before it reached this terrible spot, he shuddered to think what the consequences must be.

Now he plied whip, spur, and voice; his horse did his utmost, but Lady Maud's steed, maddened by the attempts to overtake it, yet frantic with terror, made tremendous efforts to continue its career, and contrived to reach the fearful gap before Erle could come up with it. With a mad snort the affrighted beast saw its own danger, and made a terrific, convulsive plunge over the abyss, and barely cleared it.

Over it, at a splendid bound, with eyes starting, ears erect, came Erle's horse.

The youth, with teeth set and leaping heart, as soon as he saw that to check Maud's horse was, at that frightful moment, impossible, dared all. He called with a ringing voice upon his gallant steed, and nobly it answered him.

The two horses leaped at a moment. The next instant Erle had the bridle of Maud's horse in his hand, and drew it to his own, which he sharply pulled up.

Her horse required no further checking; it stood still and trembled, as if it had been smitten with a palsy.

Erle sprung from the back of his foaming, panting, reeking steed, and lifted Lady Maud from her saddle, which she yet clutched, in a state of semi-insensibility, and placed her uninjured upon the turf.

She instinctively flung her arms upon his shoulders, and burst into a very passion of tears. She tried to speak twice or thrice, but her quivering lips prevented the articulation of a word. She could only cling to him and lay her face upon his breast, and sob hysterically, and she trembled and shook like an aspen.

Then he prevailed on her to be seated upon the soft, mossy turf, and he knelt by her side.

And her arms were yet clinging round him, and her pallid face still resting half hidden on his bosom, so that her ear could catch the hurried beatings of his young proud heart.

So he had saved her. She had escaped her fearful danger; was safe and unhurt.

Where was Philip Avon?

Erle gazed around him with kindling though humid eye, and a curling lip, but he could not see Philip Avon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Aye! where was Philip Avon?

Cyril Kingswood, whose life had been aimed at by Tubal Kish, just caught a glimpse of the scoundrel as, finding his murderous intention defeated, he plunged into the thicket from which he had emerged, and disappeared.

Precisely at the same moment, the rein of Lady Maud's steed was torn rudely from his hand, a shriek burst from the lips of Lady Kingswood, and with amazement he beheld Lady Maud clinging to her saddle in terror, her steed in full flight, with Erle and Philip Avon in mad chase after.

A few hasty, re-assuring words to his mother, a hurried request to the Marquis of Chillingham to attend to her safety, and he joined in the pursuit.

After a few minutes' hard galloping, he saw the route Lady Maud's horse was taking, and at once took a circuitous course, with a view of out-flanking it. But the affrighted beast suddenly diverged from the route in which it had directed its headlong flight, galloped furiously down a tremendous ravine, and thence into the open beyond, which he knew to be fenced with a stone wall rather higher than the Lady Maud's horse, frightened as it was, was likely to dare.

Beneath this wall he expected to find all: he only found one.

He had observed Erle sitting upon his steed with the firm and motionless seat of an accomplished jockey. He saw that Philip Avon was acting like a frenzied madman.

With an excitement almost amounting to convulsion, he saw the Lady Maud's horse clear the wall, leaving a cloud of dust behind, so that he imagined the animal must have fallen. With a cry of exultation he beheld another go over it with a flying leap. For a moment he saw no more, for a throng of grateful tears rushed into his eyes.

He dashed them away, and the next sight was Philip Avon beneath the wall, beating his horse with brutal violence, trying to compel him to a leap he had not the courage to attempt.

He saw the horse wheel round and round, and dash with desperate wildness away, to be again and again put to the wall, up to which, with whip and spur, Philip, distracted with passion, urged him furiously. Suddenly the contest between man and horse became terrible. The horse, infuriated by the treatment he had received, plunged, leaped, reared, kicked, and eventually flung his rider with terrific violence, and galloped away in the direction he had come.

A few seconds more, and Cyril was up at the wall. Beneath it, on his back, lay extended the form of Philip Avon; his face was pale, his eyes were closed, his teeth were clenched, blood and froth were oozing from his lips, his hands were clutched, and Cyril's first impression was that he had been sent to his long account while in the full fury of a paroxysm of intemperate passion.

He raised himself in the saddle, and looked over the wall. Far away fled Maud's horse, closely followed by Erle's. Both seemed well and firmly fixed in their seats, and Cyril had a strong hope that his cousin would be safely rescued by her young but brave pursuer.

He alighted, raised the head of Philip, and laid it upon his knee, awaiting the signs of returning animation.

Away in the distance he caught a glimpse of Lady Kingswood and the Marquis of Chillingham following, and he waved his hand to them to hurry forward and join him, that he might be enabled to adopt some plan for procuring assistance.

In the meanwhile Erle, having permitted the tears of Lady Maud to have their way in silence, then addressed a few words of congratulation and sympathy to her. He sought to inspire her anew with confidence and courage to remount her steed, that they might return to her friends, and so put a stop to the agony of excitement it was natural they should be laboring under.

Especially was he anxious to give her no opportunity to dwell on the danger she had just escaped, for he feared that if she did the return might be even yet more difficult than the flight.

She listened to him in silence for a time, then she turned her trembling eyes upon him, glistening with tears. It was worth a life-purchase to have been the recipient of that look.

No words could describe it—no pencil depict it. Erle felt faint as his own glowing eyes met and interpreted it, and his bosom heaved with a proud, exulting joy, such as he had never before known.

She stretched out her hand and took his. The one trembled in the other. Her soft, intense blue eye, after lingering on his, turned slowly upon the yielding grass; her voice was low and unsteady, as she spoke, in reply to his re-assuring words.

"Gratitude such as mine, Mr. Gower," she said, "has put a poor choice of epithets to express its real force, but yet—"

"Pardon me, Lady Maud," he interposed, gently, "this is no time to think about me. I overheard your fervent offering of thanks to Heaven for your escape from danger; and the next consideration is your safe return, to relieve the painful anxiety of those awaiting you. We have some distance to go, and your strength will hardly be more than equal to the task. Some day, dear Lady Maud, when the days are long, and topics are scarce, we will exchange sentiments upon the events of this day. Pray let me assist you to mount. See, your steed has recovered from its fright, and is quiet enough now. Besides, I observe a bridle-path down the hill, and I will lead him on foot."

Large, glittering tears filled Lady Maud's eyelids, and trickled down her cheek, as she bowed assent to his suggestion, and permitted Erle to help her into her saddle again.

If ever Erle was certain of one thing in his life, it was that when she took his hand there was a pressure given by her soft, small fingers on his own, which made its presence known to every nerve in his frame. If ever he was certain of another thing, it was that the vibration of the nerves thus caused created a sense of felicity which was well nigh overpowering.

Passing the rein of his own horse, which, after the severe flight, had taken to quietly grazing, over his arm, he took the bridle of Lady Maud's in his hand, and slowly descended the hill.

On reaching the dale beneath, he found that he was compelled to pursue a circuitous route in order to reach a spot where a gap existed in the old stone wall, and having done this, to take a yet wider range to avoid the ravine down which they had descended fast enough, but up which it would be far too severe a task to attempt to toil.

In consequence of this deviation from a direct track, they entered the Chace at a very different spot to that at which they had quitted it.

Erle was not without a knowledge of woodcraft, and directed his steps to the point, as well as he could judge, where Kingswood Manor-house stood; but after he had passed down successive alleys and over various glades, he arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that they were lost in the forest.

The sun had been for some time obscured by a veil of grey clouds so even in color that, as he looked upward through the trees, he could not detect the direction in which it was journeying: he found it, therefore, impossible to ascertain to what quarter of the compass he was wandering.

Baffled and perplexed, he came to a full stop, and turned his eyes anxiously in every direction, and then on Lady Maud's face. He saw there a re-assuring smile.

"You have missed the path to the house?" she suggested.

He smiled, too, and shook his head.

"In truth, I have not found it yet, Lady Maud," he replied, in a voice far more cheerful than his feelings warranted. A night in the woods was a prospect which he did not contemplate with any satisfaction, yet, so far as he could calculate, that appeared to be an event looming with only too much probability. "I doubt much," he added, "whether any path does exist, nor, I fear, a clue, or token, save such as are known to those who make this solitary wood their home. This is evidently a part of Kingswood Chace, but in what direction Kingswood Manor-house lies, I am quite at a loss to conceive."

He was startled by a faint cry of surprise issuing from the lips of Lady Maud, as she turned her eyes suddenly on some object behind him.

He turned sharply round, and beheld to his amazement, the young female rescued from Tubal Kish by Cyril Kingswood, in which act he himself had borne a share, standing beneath a tree, eyeing them with a look of curious wonder. She was tall, and delicately formed; her face was pale; her eyes dark, large, and lustrous; her nose thin and straight; her lips small; her face oval; and the aspect of all combined, singularly beautiful. In effect, her appearance was spiritual; it scarcely seemed real, even though her attire was earthly enough. She wore upon her head a hat not unlike that which the Lady Maud had on, but in place of a waving feather, white, star-like wild-flowers were twined gracefully round it. Upon her shoulders rested a cloak of rich mulberry hue, of texture sufficiently thin to permit it to hang gracefully, leaving exposed an alabaster neck, round, and swan-like. Her dress was a pale fawn, and contrasted beautifully with the deep, warm purple of the cloak.

Whence had she sprung? A moment before they had passed the very spot where she now stood, yet no trace of her had been visible. She looked not like a denizen of the wood, but it was clear to Erle at least, that she roamed them at will.

After a minute, or even more, expended in gazing on each other, Erle addressed her.

At the sound of his voice she started, and half turned, as if, like a frightened fawn, to fly, but as he modulated his voice to a tone of softness, she paused.

"We have lost ourselves in the Chace," he said, "and would return to Kingswood Manor-house. If you can point out the path we ought to take, you would confer a very important obligation upon this lady and myself."

She gazed steadfastly at him all the time he spoke, and seemed as if trying to remember where she had before seen that face.

Emerging with timid steps from the shadow of the interlaced trees in which she had stood, she approached them with more of the manner of a shrinking Indian maiden than of an English girl reared in the precincts of an old forest.

She bent her eyes once or twice on Lady Maud, rather with a look of inquiry than fear. But she settled her gaze on Erle's face with an eager, perusing look, as though she had seen those features, if not in reality, in her dreams, or desired to so imprint them on her memory that she should never more forget them. After a slight pause, Erle repeated his request, and a change passed over her face.

"It is far hence," she at length replied, plied, in a low, silvery voice; "and the way is both dangerous and dreary."

"I fear neither, so that I am made acquainted with the way," responded Erle. "If you can point it out, I entreat you to do so, for there are many awaiting our return in dread anxiety."

"No doubt Cyril is in search of us," observed Lady Maud, suddenly.

The strange maiden started as the name reached her ear. She turned her full, brilliant eyes on Lady Maud, with an eager, almost wild earnestness.

"He is acquainted with all parts of the Chace," continued the Lady Maud, reddening, she knew not why, as she observed the fixed, searching look of the stranger. "His voice will no doubt enable us, if we proceed, to join him."

Erle glanced askance at the forest maiden as he said—

"He will grieve to think we have wandered so fruitlessly thus long."

The beautiful young stranger turned her face slowly to his, and in a low voice, murmured—

"Follow me."

She immediately moved in the direction they had already been pursuing. Erle, with an exclamation of surprise, ere he retraced his steps, pointed into the more open glade with his whip, and said—

"Is not that the easier and more direct path?"

She raised her finger, and in an undertone, ejaculated—

"Tubal Kish!"

"The scoundrel!" muttered Erle, in an angry tone. "He bears upon his cheek the mark of my lash given him this day. I fear not to encounter a ruffian such as he."

A perceptible shudder ran through the frame of Lady Maud.

"Pray, Mr. Gower, let us pursue the way in which we shall most likely be free from molestation."

He bowed, and led her horse and his own into the path which the forest maiden had selected.

"Who is Tubal Kish?" inquired Lady Maud, after they had proceeded a considerable distance, as if with a design to break the solemn silence reigning beneath that great vault of leaves."

The forest maiden slackened her pace to listen to Erle's reply.

"A ruffian, who infests this wood," he answered. "Of his history I know nothing. I have seen him twice," he continued, and remembering himself, he hastily, and with some embarrassment, related the incident which had that morning taken place, by which both Cyril and Lady Maud had nearly lost their lives.

When he ceased, the forest maiden abruptly said to Erle—

"You saved *her*?"

She pointed to Lady Maud.

He nodded assent.

"And HIM!"

She pointed across the wood. Erle comprehended her, and again nodded in reply.

Her features broke into a smile of grateful pleasure, and her eyes danced and glittered joyously as they rested on Erle's face. Suddenly her eye grew dull, and her face clouded.

"Beware of Tubal Kish," she said, in clearer and graver tones than she had yet used. "You have struck him a blow; he will kill you."

Erle laughed scornfully.

"It is not my fate to fall by the hand of a coarse wretch like that," he returned.

A brilliant flash, and the loud report of a gun close to them, made Lady Maud scream, and both horses started back affrighted.

The forest maiden gripped Erle by the wrist.

"The gamekeepers of Kingswood," she exclaimed, "they will guide you now. We shall meet again where first you met Tubal Kish. Look to her, she is fainting with fright."

She pointed, as she concluded, to Lady Maud, and Erle sprung to her side.

"We are safe," he exclaimed; "quiet all future fear. Lord Kingswood's gamekeepers are within a few yards of us."

At this moment a couple of dogs burst through the underwood, and commenced baying loudly.

"Ho! ho! Hillioh?" shouted a voice not far from them.

Erle instantly responded, and almost instantly the thick boughs were parted aside, and two gamekeepers, attended by three or four beaters, appeared, to the very undisguised satisfaction of Lady Maud.

Erle turned to thank the handsome young creature who had thus safely conducted him hither, but, as he expected, she was nowhere visible.

Lady Maud, too, made inquiry respecting her, and he informed her that she had disappeared without waiting for the tribute of thanks Lady Maud was anxious to pay her.

The head gamekeeper, who recognized Lady Maud, and Erle, too, as a guest at the house, very readily offered to act as their guide for the remainder of the distance.

"You are but a short way from the house, my lady," he exclaimed, with a smile, very respectful, nevertheless. "You could not have been lost here," he added.

"Probably not," returned Erle; "we were far hence when we lost ourselves."

"A young person—something beyond a village maiden in position—guided us hither," exclaimed Lady Maud.

The gamekeeper looked at both in silence for a moment. Then, as if it were imperative upon him to speak beneath his breath, he said, in a whisper—

"Eh! but you have seen the WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE."

A slight moan escaped the lips of Lady Maud, and a flashing glance went from the eye of Erle to the gamekeeper, and the rest of the way was traversed in silence.

As they slowly entered the park, they perceived a group of persons gathered together, some hastily mounting horses, others already mounted, making extravagant gestures, pointing in various directions, and shouting instructions to horsemen in the act of galloping away.

The gamekeeper blew a blast on his horn, and all eyes were turned upon Lady Maud and Erle.

In an instant, the whole party came rushing up to them, and shouts of joy resounded as soon as it was found that Lady Maud had escaped unhurt.

The poor girl was so overpowered by this reception, that she could only, with some hysterical, inarticulate sounds, point to Erle, and then fainted.

There were almost too many assistants to lift her from her horse, and bear her into the house, where she, under the direction of, and accompanied by, Lady Kingswood, was conveyed to her chamber, and properly attended to.

Erle, in the meantime, "the observed of all observers," was surrounded on all sides, eagerly questioned and vehemently eulogized for his gallantry. He found that Cyril had returned, accompanied by Lady Kingswood, the Marquis of Chillingham, and Philip Avon.

He was told of Philip Avon's mishap. It appeared that he was stunned, bruised, shaken, but not otherwise hurt, and Cyril had brought him back, not in a very dignified position, mounted upon his own steed.

Until the arrival of Erle and the Lady Maud, the fate of the latter—nay, of both—was unknown. Their appearance uninjured, it may be readily understood, was the source of much gratification.

Cyril was especially enthusiastic in his encomiums upon Erle's high-couraged devotion in the pursuit of Lady Maud's affrighted steed; and he related, now the danger was over, with much gusto, the frightful character of the chace which had taken place, especially the leap before which Philip Avon succumbed, amid the well-bred yet hearty applause of those who surrounded him, as they moved slowly towards the Manor-house.

There were two persons who stood aloof from this gathering; one, Lord Kingswood, whose agitation, no less than his vexation, could not be concealed. Erle, it seemed, do as he might, compelled the attention of every one, and called forth questions and observations most galling, most inconvenient, ill-timed, and embarrassing. After this incident, he resolved to send him away from Kingswood, and place him where his popularity would not prove so disconcerting.

The other was Philip Avon.

He had entered the house, made a few inquiries respecting the corridor Erle was likely to pass through on his way to dress for dinner, and had taken up his station in a recess, where he could remain unseen until the moment that he wished to make his presence known.

Erle, only too glad to escape from the congratulations, which were more embarrassing than grateful, hurried to his apartment, on the plea of fatigue, and to his surprise, in the dim obscurity of a long corridor, he found himself intercepted by the sudden appearance of Philip Avon's white face, frowning malignantly.

"Stay!" cried the latter, in a hoarse tone. "I seek a word or two with you."

Erle looked at him for a moment with angry eyes. Then recovering himself, he said—

"Before I interchange a sentence with you, let me remind you that you threatened to cut me down, when the life of one dear to many was at stake, because I ventured in her behalf. I kept the path you could not take.—Now I dare you to fulfill your threat?"

"Oh, be sure a time will come for that!" returned Philip, between his teeth. "What now would say—"

"I desire to hear nothing from your lips," cried Erle, haughtily. "Stand out of my path now; I am engaged."

He thrust Philip Avon so violently back, as he uttered his words, that he fell.

"When you wish to seek me, you know where and when I can be met with; until then, keep your speech for those whom it pleaseth. I like it not."

With these words, Erle strode from the spot, and entered his chamber.

Philip Avon sprung up, and would have followed him, but that several servants entered the corridor, so he was compelled to retire, convulsed with malicious fury, and resolving to have a bitter revenge for the insult he had just received. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An editor in the western part of Michigan, is in a fix. He dunned a subscriber for his subscription; he refused to pay, and threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.

☞ Never go to bed at ten, leaving your wife up till two with a sick baby, and look pitchforks at her at the breakfast-table next morning, because that meal is half an hour too late.

☞ Some author says that your wife, your stomach, and your conscience, are three companions with whom you should always be on good terms. Good advice that—who doubts it?

☞ Keep your wit as a buckler to defend yourself, and not as a sword to wound your neighbors.

☞ Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

☞ Enjoy the glory of the sun, and not put out your eyes by trying to count the spots upon his face.

☞ Ireland contains 20,808,271 acres, of which 3,000,000 are estimated to be peat bogs of a thickness of from 1 foot to 60 feet.

☞ When a lady supposes she has tied the most desirable "beau," how often does he turn out to be a "hard knot."

☞ There is both a Spanish and French proverb which says—"A melon and a woman are hard to choose."

☞ It is a common thing, in the voyage of life, to mistake, like Sinbad, a whale's back for an island.

☞ "I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "'tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

☞ The vintage in Italy is again bad. For the last nine years the disease has attacked the Neapolitan vines, and wine grows yearly dearer and worse.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER. Telegraphic messages are both written and printed. House's machine prints them—in other cases the operator writes down the message from traced signs, or from hearing the sound of the instrument. All good operators now need only to *hear* the ticklings, to understand the message.

A NEW OFFER.

A Chance to Obtain Two Valuable Works.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of those large and valuable works,

Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

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Lippincott's Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World,

by which either of these important and valuable works will be given to any friend of THE POST, on the following terms:—

We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year, and give a copy of either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer, for Six Dollars.

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Or, on the receipt of Ten new subscribers and Fifteen dollars—$1.50 apiece—we will give either of the works as a premium.

The price of these works in the stores, varies from $6,00 to $6,50 apiece.

Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. No family should be without it.

Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, is another work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,183 closely printed pages, and contains an immense mass of useful knowledge. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe.

Both of these works lie constantly upon our own table, and we are in the habit of making frequent reference to them. In fact, they are just what we have said, works that no one should be without.

Very many enterprising young men or young women could start out and get five new two dollar subscribers, or ten new $1.50 subscribers, for THE POST in a short time,—and entitle themselves to either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer (whichever they might choose) as a Premium. It only needs a little energy and enterprise to get one or both of these admirable and valuable works. *Be up and doing while this offer lasts!*

THE TIN WEDDING.

We have heard of the "silver" wedding, twenty-five years after marriage; and the "golden," at fifty years after—but we never heard of the "tin" until we picked up a respected contemporary last week. The *Boston Eve. Gazette* says:—

A friend of ours was made jubilant this week by a celebration of this character—the *tenth* anniversary of an occasion whereon two "tender beings in the lines of youth" were "made happy," as it is technically termed, and the term applies very well. The anniversary was marked by the customary ceremonies. Numerous friends came in with congratulations or condolences—every one, of course, measuring the condition of the pair celebrated by their own—and so many ovations of a tinny character were presented, that, if the parties to whom they were presented live long enough to wear them out, they may rank among the oldest inhabitants. It would be hard to remember any article that was not included in the collection. One huge tin pitcher—a perfect behemoth of a pitcher—big enough to float a navy of ordinary pitchers, with goblets to match, of massive tin, hints of wassail in the time to come, and merry making by the ingle side. There were, besides, tin horns of formidable dimensions, intimating a confidence in the competency of the donee to blow, a confidence by no means misplaced.

The grateful recipients bowed and spoke their acknowledgments for the favor shown them. Presented by friendship, the tin ware became endowed, to them, with more than auriferous importance. They saw in it the kindness of years, that therein had found expression, a guarantee for kindness to come, and more than gold was the gift to them. The big pitcher will be full of memories of the givers, the tin horns will sound their praises, the clattering of dishes will be like the music of their voices, and the stomach warmer will give a thrill of warm emotion for the donor.

Silver Wedding, or Golden Wedding, that

may in after time happen, cannot have in it a satisfaction like this of Tin, which commemorates the lapse of the first decade of married life.

Dealers in tin-ware especially, should see to it that this custom of honoring the "tin" wedding is introduced into all portions of the Union. Tin is a very useful article in its way, and after about ten years of married life, the patty-pans, &c., may begin to need replenishing. By all means let us have the "tin" wedding introduced into Philadelphia—and let the givers of presents not forget that tin is the principal component in Britannia ware; that it enters into the composition of bronze and bell-metal; while tin foil coated with quicksilver forms the reflecting surface of glass mirrors. Tin in these latter forms especially, would be very welcome to all housekeepers.

AMUSING.

We are told in the papers, that when the Prince of Wales visited Albany, he was welcomed by Gov. Morgan in the following words:—

"Lord Renfrew: It gives me pleasure to welcome you to the capital of the State of New York. You have seen in the metropolis, our police and foreign trade; you will see here what is equally important—the channel of our domestic commerce, and the central seat of our public education."

It certainly was very natural for the Governor, when thinking of the prominent characteristics of New York city, to think of the "*police*," but was it not rather odd, to say the least, to take it for granted that the Prince had "seen" them. Did the Governor mean to imply that the young gentleman had broken loose a little in Gotham, had "a high old time," and "seen stars" as the consequence! We trust not. But why then refer to the "police" at all—they are not usually considered as among the attractions, but as among the necessary evils of a great city.

LOTTERIES.

We have received a number of Lottery Circulars from individuals in various States, but do not see the use of saying anything more upon the subject. Any man that is deceived now by the promise of a prize—got up for his particular benefit, in order to make business active in his neighborhood—deserves to be deceived; which is not saying that he did not deserve being deceived from the first. But as the fools are not all dead yet, by any manner of means, doubtless the lottery dealers will go on and prosper, in spite of anything that The Post, or any other paper, can say.

California Yeast.—A correspondent wishes to know what are the effects of "California Yeast" when used in making beer or bread. He has heard that it is poisonous. For ourselves, we are so ignorant as not to know what "California Yeast" is.

☞ The Prince of Wales and suite left Boston on Saturday for Portland, Maine, where they were to embark for home on Monday.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Gilbert's Career; An American Story. *By* J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter Sweet," "The Titcomb Letters," &c. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, 439 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Cousin Harry. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Little Beauty," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Historical Pictures Retouched. By Mrs. Dall, author of "Woman's Right to Labor." Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by Gaut & Volkmar, Philadelphia.

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English verse. By Theodore Martin. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Housekeeper's Encyclopedia of Useful Information for the Housekeeper. By Mrs. E. F. Haskell. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

First Greek Book. With Notes and Vocabularies. By Albert Harkness, Professor of Greek in Brown University. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Children's Books. "The Fairy Nightcap," and "The Little Nightcap Letters," by the author of the Nightcap Books. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE STORY OF AMBITION.

When Jones was sixteen, he was bent
On one day being President.

At twenty-five, Jones thought that he
Content as District Judge would be.

At thirty he was much elated,
When for Mayor of Frogtown nominated.

But bootless all the nomination,
His rival Tompkins graced the station.

At forty-five his dreams had fled—
Hope and ambition both were dead.

When from his toils he found release,
He died—a Justice of the Peace.

Oh, youthful heart, so high and bold,
Thus is *thy* brief, sad story told!

☞ "Let me kiss him for his mother," is the song that all the American girls are singing in honor of the Prince of Wales. Some of them, we haven't a doubt, would like to kiss him for himself.

☞ A machine called the centrifugal gun is on exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, which will throw five hundred balls a minute, without the assistance of powder or cap, by merely turning a crank, like that of a coffee mill.

☞ The hard times out West have made many people *lose ground*.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, Sept. 28, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

It is generally found that the pleasantest thing about a ramble among new scenes is the stock of remembrances we bring away with us for future delectation. The inevitable fatigue and discomforts incident to travelling, constitute a serious drawback from one's enjoyment of it at the time; but when these are past, and the rambler is again quietly established in his accustomed place, all the less agreeable incidents of a trip fade away from the memory, while thoughts of the glorious scenery, the novel habits of the pleasant people, and the noble achievements of art and science with which the said tour has brought us into contact, alone remain with us, making a delightful addition to the treasures of the inner life. Thus it is that, despite the repeated disappointments caused by the unusually wet season with which we have been tormented on this side of the Atlantic, and to which the "veracity of history" has compelled such frequent allusion in the recent letters of your "Paris Correspondent," I find myself constantly retracing the principal features and incidents of the little journey of which a hasty sketch has already been laid before your readers, with a degree of interest and satisfaction even greater than they seemed to inspire while they were present as matters of actual experience.

The quaintness and quietness of the old Belgian towns, with their gabled roofs, their wide, shining, cushioned windows, their balcony-gardens hanging over the still, green, shadowy canals, and sending down their wealth of gay, trailing blossoms, almost into the water;—the romantic loveliness and traditional memories of the broad, clear, arrowy Rhine, with its noble cities, and its sparkling wines;—the constantly-varying, constantly-magnificent scenery of Switzerland;—the lovely Italian lakes;—the marble wonders of Milan;—and the sublime mass of Mont Blanc, as it stood out in bold relief, a huge, shining heap of silver, towering up into the deep blue sky, on the one occasion when the state of the atmosphere allowed of our seeing it;—with an infinity of other pictures, all delightful in their various way, seem to be even more vividly present with me, at this moment, than the familiar glitter and bustle of the gay capital in which I am again settled down.

But beautiful and interesting as are all these scenes, the astonishing panorama of the Gorner Grat, spoken of in my last letter, is perhaps the one to which, above all others, I find myself recurring, as the glory and crown of my late excursion; the one which I should most strongly urge all visitors to Switzerland to make an especial point of seeing. A mountain-ascension is, in every one of its details, so much more different than any other incident of travelling from the experiences of ordinary life, that it may well be regarded as offering, in fair weather, a more effectual and more invigorating change from the [illegible] *monotony of city life and pre-occupation* [illegible] *can be found in any other* [illegible].

The admirable grace and majesty of the outlines of the hills, and the magical effect of the opening out of the landscape about you as you keep ascending—the beauty and fragrance of the forests of firs, and the profusion of the flowers which Nature seems to produce in greater abundance, and to deck with richer colors, as her sphere of action becomes more and more restricted;—the invigorating quality of the air;—the peculiar appearance of the sunlight;—the novel sensations produced by the rapid changes of temperature;—the new sights and sounds of the primeval solitudes which seem to defy the modifying power of Time, and in which the only forms of existence are granite and snow;—the indescribably beautiful line of the latter, so utterly transcending one's lowland ideas of the picturesque possibilities of a substance as magnificent and appropriate in these mountain fastnesses, as it is odious and unnatural in the plains;—and last, but not least, the keen appreciation of "creature comforts," and the strange sense of separation from terrestrial things, and of closer relationship to those about one, which take possession of us at the height of even a few thousand feet above the clouds, all tend to impart to an ascent of this kind a character peculiar to itself. Next to mountain-climbing, as a refreshment to mind and body, is the sojourn by the sea; but to those who are not already familiar with Alpine scenery, the near view of the peculiar wonders of these high regions is perhaps even more striking and impressive than the sea itself. And of all the wonderful things to be seen in the various ascensions of the Swiss Alps, there is certainly nothing to compare, in grandeur and sublimity, with this unrivalled mountain panorama, which has, moreover, the additional recommendation of being very tolerably accessible, even to ladies.

As far as the mere accessibility of a glacier is concerned, and the pleasure, for non-adventurous persons, of being able to say that they have "been on the ice," without the usual amount of trouble in getting to it, the one at Grindelwald, which you pass at the foot of in going over the Great Scheideck Pass, is the best in Switzerland. The ice there comes down to within a few hundred feet of the "road," and access to the glacier is still further facilitated by the various little wooden bridges, steps, and handrails constructed by an enterprising young couple who live in a chalet close by during three months in the year, show off the "lions" of the spot, and sell villainously bad wine to all who are thirsty enough to drink it. In certain particulars, all glaciers are alike, and the one at Grindelwald may therefore serve as a sample for those who are unable or unwilling to climb to more elevated altitudes. The lower end of a glacier is always very dirty and brown, being covered with dust and *detritus*, from the rocky crags and walls that hem it in; the *moraine*, or fissure, at its edges, formed by the shrinking of the ice through melting, or otherwise, from the sides of the gorge it occupies, is usually partly filled with stones, broken from the rocks above, and accumulated there in their descent, forming a border of cold gray, or reddish brown, offering a fine contrast with the dazzling whiteness of the snow, and the blueish-green hue of the ice-fissures. The color and general effect of the higher snow, seen in such vast masses, and in contrast with the deep, rich tones of the rocks that hem it in, are indescribably beautiful; the dark rocks not only enhancing its apparent purity, but giving shape and character to what would be, but for their bounding, a mere formless extent of white.

The nomenclature of the Alps distinguishes between the recently-fallen "snow," and the older *neve*, which has been accumulating for ages, and is frozen as hard as the rock itself. The "snow" is, of course, very fatiguing to those who walk over it, as the foot sinks in at every step. The *neve*, on the contrary, is declared, by those who have tried it, with the aid of nails in shoes, and snow-pointed Alpenstocks, to be excellent walking. The main body of a glacier is composed of nearly transparent ice, which cracks in every direction, and which, being constantly, though very gradually, pushed downwards by the constantly accumulating mass of snow at the top of the mountain, is turned up, not so much like the tossed waters of the sea, as like the roughened furrows of a ploughed field. The tops of these furrows are white, there being always a stratum of snow above the ice; but the sides of these furrowed fissures, or "crevasses," are pale green, or deep blue, according, probably, to the mineral elements contained in the ice in different localities. These fissures vary in depth from a few inches to hundreds of feet; some of them appearing to be, for all practical purposes, bottomless. The snow which covers them is the cause of the greatest danger presented by the ice, as it forms "bridges" across the chasms, which bridges are sometimes perfectly firm and safe, sometimes the reverse, and not even the most experienced guide can always tell beforehand whether they can be safely ventured upon or not; yet, in travelling across a glacier, it is often absolutely impossible to avoid crossing these treacherous bridges of snow. A season seldom passes without one or two deaths resulting from this giving way of the crust of snow beneath the feet of the traveller, and every year many more slip in, but are rescued by the exertions of the guides, after dangling for a longer or shorter time in the blue abyss into which they have fallen, held up by the rope, of which, during these transits over the ice, one end is usually tied round the waist of the traveller, and the other round that of the guide. One of the members of the Alpine Club of London, gives, in the volume of adventures published by them, a most thrilling account of his suspension, not by a rope, but simply held up by his arms, for perhaps a minute, in the mouth of one of these frightful ice-fissures, into which the sudden yielding of a "bridge" of irreproachable appearance, had let him down. The ice had seemed so safe that he, being an old hand at such work, conceived that he *might venture to dispense with the precautionary rope; and not for the first time* [illegible] was able to extend his arms on either side of the fissure, as he felt himself falling in, and *thus to hold himself* up while the guide came to the rescue, *he must have perished inevitably.* Had he slipped in with his face towards either side of the fissure, so that his arms would have extended only in the direction of its length, instead of extending, as they fortunately did, across its narrow width, nothing could have saved him from being frozen to death in the dark depths of the ice. Despite the horror of his position, curiosity was so strong within him, that he could not resist the temptation of taking a glimpse into the empty void below him; when he saw a vast grotto, that widened out rapidly below the narrow opening at the top, forming a magnificent chamber, the upper part of which seemed filled with a weird blue light, from the translucent walls of blue ice, while the lower part was shrouded in impenetrable gloom. The walls were hung with enormous icicles, grotesque, yet splendid; the impression created on his mind by the rapid peep into the chasm being that of a dim, blue palace of the ice-gnomes, very fine to see, but not just the place one would choose to die in. At Grindelwald there is a very fair ice-cave, at the edge of the glacier, which may be visited in perfect safety, as its floor is *terra firma*, and it is only a natural hollow in the ice, formed, probably, by the capricious melting of a bit of the under part of the edge of the glacier. The cave in question is about thirty feet long, and perhaps a dozen feet in height, and three in width. A plank has been laid down along its centre, to enable visitors to enter it with less risk of wet feet. Looking up to the walls of this cave, you see in perfection the magnificent blue color of the ice; the walls are smooth as glass, and the temperature in which you find yourself gives you a sufficient sample of the refrigerating power of the beautiful but deadly substance with which you find yourself surrounded.

A certain amount of melting goes on constantly in the total mass of a glacier, the water thus produced filtering through its substance, and flowing off in one or more streams underneath. Thus one is constantly coming upon some little stream which shows itself only for a yard or two, tumbling down in the rocky channel it has worn for itself upon the side of the mountain, and disappearing under some lower mass of ice, to re-appear again at a still lower level, and so on, until it leaps forth a foaming cascade, from the lowest point of the glacier, and unites with its thousand sister rills, forming the head-waters of what will be some mighty river, whose first steps in life give beauty and fertility to some wild, lovely Alpine valley, and which, swelled at short intervals by the innumerable other ice-streams that pour to meet it from the glacier heights above the valley through which it flows, is destined to bear innumerable vessels upon its bosom, and to constitute the highway and boundary of nations.

The constant recurrence of these cascades, lacing the brown mountain-sides with threads of silver, and filling the air with an all-pervading sound of running water, is one of the most striking and charming features of the Alps. It is impossible, among Alpine heights, or in Alpine valleys, to get out of the sound of running water. The countless streams are of every size, and each has its own music. Here it is a soft, gentle, trickle, whose murmur is as small and unobtrusive as fairy-voices; there you have a fierce and swollen torrent, with a roar that deafens, and a rush that shakes the ground for many yards. The ice, too, is perpetually cracking, with a report as loud and sharp as that of fire-arms; masses of snow slip down the sides of the mountains, with a deep reverberating thunder than which no sound can be more impressively sublime. Huge blocks of rock frequently detach themselves from the upper part of the mountains, are shivered into pieces in their descent, and fly through the air with almost the swiftness of cannon balls, and the noise of a discharge of artillery. Add to all these sounds the tremendous whistling and blowing of the wind; it will be readily understood that these mountain solitudes are anything than silent, except at night, when the streams are frozen, and the fall of the avalanches suspended, and no sound but that of the wind—and sometimes not even that—breaks the intense and awful quiet. But if these majestic solitudes, in the daytime, at least, are far less silent than one might have supposed, they are none the less impressive. The enormous scale of all their features, the overwhelming sensation of strength, of immobility, of blind, pitiless, unyielding force, of which one is conscious in gazing up to the unattainable heights, and down into their equally unapproachable abysses, fill one with a sense of littleness, weakness, and transitoriness in contrast with the massive grandeur and long duration of these ancient Titans, at whose feet a human life may go out so easily and so unperceived. We *know*, indeed, that we are greater and nobler than the mountains; but we scarcely remember our loftier birthright, when first we find ourselves face to face with their stupendous strength and vastness.

All the great Alpine scenes partake of this character, and impress one more or less vividly with the sensations just described; but the peculiar magnificence of the view from the Gorner Grat is due both to the grandeur of its individual features, and the enormous extent of mountain-region the eye hereby takes in at once. All the noblest and loftiest peaks of both the great Swiss ranges are here visible in one unequalled circle; not showing separately, as so many different mountains—under which aspect they present themselves to the eye everywhere else—but seen from the great elevation of the isolated peak of the Grat, to be in fact only the loftiest elevations of one and the same great mountain mass, whose inner hollows are all lined with the same continuous extent of snow and ice, here seen as one, though its lower portions, where it has been pushed downwards into the valleys about the base of the ridge spread, from that lofty level, to be distinct, and are known by various names. It is a sort of snowy Olympus; where the great ice-crowned Summits sit together, like gods, on their white thrones, robed in clouds and in sunshine, and *lifting their proud heads* into the blue.

Looking upwards to the stupendous masses of Monte Rosa, and the Sphynx-like Matterhorn—the most striking sight in all the Alps—and downwards across the tremendous abyss from whose centre springs the isolated mountain of the Gorner Grat, on whose twenty square feet of summit we are sitting, blown upon by a wind that must be felt to be appreciated, we ask one another what can be more glorious than the scene about us? We move from side to side of our narrow platform, unable to decide from which is the finest view; and alternately awarding the palm of highest beauty to the graceful windings of ice-sea and glacier, the bold masses of rock, the rich tones of the moraines, which have, in one or two instances, spread over an entire glacier, the stones taking the place of ice, (as in the beautiful gorge of the Zermatt Glacier to our left, to which, from its base being colored with vast blocks of gneiss, Ruskin proposes to give the appropriate name of the Red Glacier,) and the equally beautiful expanse of granite to our right, half way down the opposite side of the snow-crowned valley of Zermatt, which looks just like a gracefully spreading court-train of gray embroidery, sweeping out over the side of the mountain—the vast extent of unsullied snow, the satin-like shining of the frozen ribs of the mountain-edges, the depth of color in the great crevasses of the Monte Rosa glacier, the rich swelling of the wonderful "snow-cornices" about the tops of the peaks, the exquisite gradations of color down the long line of the Zermatt valley, topped on either hand by snow and glacier, and crossed by the silvery forms of the Giants of the distant Oberland; and we arrive at the unanimous conclusion that it is not any one of the splendid elements of the scene about us, but the union of them all that gives to the panorama of the Gorner Grat the unequalled sublimity and magnificence which the most experienced Alpine explorers agree to be possessed by this recently-discovered, and highly-favored spot.

A slight but welcome incident in our ascension of this mountain was the finding, on the lower of the two summits you are obliged to climb in getting up, the only specimens of the exquisite blue gentianella which we met with during our tour. Everywhere else the constant rains had killed these sun-loving blossoms, that look like bits of the deep, pure sky of Italy, cut into stars, and set upon sturdy green stems, so short that they seem as though Nature must have been short of material when she made them; while the interest of our two hours' sojourn on its summit was sharpened by the sight of three tiny black specks, scarcely visible on the snows of Monte Rosa without the aid of a glass, and which, with the aid of that instrument, we could make out to be one of the two parties who had left the inn at Zermatt—our common *rendezvous*—at 2 o'clock in the morning, to ascend that mountain by two different passes. As these two parties consisted of four and five members respectively, the appearance of only three black specks, working their way down the mountain to the great glacier that surrounds the base of the Grat, created some anxiety in the minds of all the gazers, lest something untoward might have happened. The three specks at length got on a mass of rock, where they were no longer distinguishable; but as they evidently were quietly resting at that point, we took refuge in the hope that they were halting for dinner, and that the other member or members of their party would be following in their wake.

Among the tourists assembled on the top of the Grat were several members of the Alpine Club, who would have started to ascertain the safety of the returning party, had such a proceeding been feasible. But the descent from such an altitude, and the great extent of the glacier,—five miles across, though looking as though no wider than half a mile—rendered such a move impossible.

The descent to the little wooden inn at the Riffel, halfway down to Zermatt—which is kept open only three months in the year, a Siberian winter rendering it uninhabitable, and the Grat unapproachable through the other nine months—was made at a rapid run; and a very merry run it was. And though the inn, when we got to it, could give us nothing but a jorum of broth, nearly solid with the rice which had been stewed in it, few repasts were ever more welcome, or appeared more delicious, than that which was made by the dozen or fifteen hungry strangers converted into friends, for the time being, by their casual meeting on the top of the Grat.

The remainder of the descent to Zermatt, and the next day's return to Visp, afford a succession of magnificent scenery that makes up a fitting sequel to the splendid panorama just described, which we had been so fortunate as to see under the most favorable conditions of weather; and the excursion may safely be recommended, to all who meditate visiting the Alps, as affording a richer return for three days' labor than can be obtained in any other direction. QUANTUM.

"The Potatoes, they are small,
Over there, over there."—*Old Song.*

A GOOD DIALOGUE.

Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor *Jones*, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on *similar soil*, mine are as small as pullets' eggs, and precious few at that?

Mr. Jones—I manured this field with *brains*.

Mr. Smith—Pshaw! All the Cincinnati hog-killers couldn't supply brains enough for this ten-acre field.

Mr. Jones—I used *human* brains, of which there are plenty.

Mr. Smith—Nonsense. Now don't make fun of me because I'm unlucky, and Providence has sent *you* a good crop.

Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help themselves. I used my *own* brains on this field.

Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they are as good as anybody's.

Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble. You know it all yourself: I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting other men's brains for my land for twenty years, and you see one result in *this* crop.

Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the *result*, but I don't understand it.

Mr. Jones—Well, when we began here twenty years ago, I thought myself a good farmer, but I believed others had good ideas, too, and I made it my business to get at their thoughts; some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the County Fairs, by asking *how* the big things were raised, and often I've got a good hint from a neighbor.

Mr. Smith—I've always been down on this "book farming," but your crops stagger me, they're real knock down arguments. I'm sick of the poor show I get for all my work, and am desperate enough to try anything for improvement.

Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experience; it may aid you. About nineteen years ago I heard that some men who had been brought up on farms had clubbed together, and one of them was going to publish a paper, which should consist mainly of accounts of *how* different farmers cultivated various crops, and such like matters. I sent for the paper, and have done so every year since, and now I have nineteen large volumes, every page of which I have read, a little at a time, and the whole has not cost the produce of a single acre. Why, I am astonished when I think over the ten thousand thoughts, and hints, and suggestions I have thus gathered. What a blank would be left in my head, if these thoughts were taken away.

Mr. Smith—But does the practice of farmers on other kinds of soil, and with a different climate, suit your wants?

Mr. Jones—Why, no, not exactly, perhaps. But then, every thought I get from another, *starts a new thought in my own mind*, and thus I am constantly improving my own skill and practice.—You see, I get all the brains I can from other men's heads, and *compost* them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields. In that way, I have manured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains. The editor called here last week on his Western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops, he asked me to write out just *how* I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters, and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will get a new hint, and improve upon it. You may read it if you will.

Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow your paper.

Mr. Jones—Better take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it. You will find hundreds of plain talks about various kinds of crops, during a single year. *One* hint gave five bushels of corn on each acre of a large field in a single year.

Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this year.

Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of spending two cents a week for extra tobacco, or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper will cost. How *little* a week it costs to supply yourself and family with a large amount of information through any good paper.

Mr. Smith—What are the politics of that paper?

Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics. It is devoted to such subjects as Field and Garden crops, Animals, etc., and has, besides, a good deal about Woman's Work, which wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds of butter it costs to pay for the paper. Then there is also a department for the young folks, containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff, such as is too often printed for them, but information that will have a good influence on them. I would sell a dozen bushels of wheat to have my young people get the good reading in that paper, but the average price of one bushel will pay for it a year. My John says he can pay for it easy with the eggs from two or three hens. If I was a *mechanic* or *merchant*, and had only a little garden, I should take the paper to tell me how to make the best use of the little plot; and if I had not a foot of land I should still want it for my wife and children.

Mr. Smith—Does the editor know anything about farming?

Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and publishes the paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory, and has, beside, travelled all over the country to see what was doing. Then he has several associates—Farmers, Gardeners, and Housekeepers, who know what they write about, and among them all they do gather up a wonderful lot of information every year. The language, too, is so plain, so like talking with you, that I enjoy reading it. Then, too, every paper has engravings, which show one exactly how animals and plants, and implements, and household furniture look, much better than words could describe them. Among these are plans of buildings, that help one to plan others; and also many very fine, large pictures, which are worth more than the cost of a whole volume.

Mr. Smith—I suppose those engravings and descriptions are partly to help the editor sell implements or fertilizers?

Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be perfectly free to praise or condemn anything, according as it may be valuable or worthless to his *readers*. You would laugh to see how he comes down on poor inventions, patent manures, and all kinds of humbugs!

Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country?

Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soils and crops and climates differ, but the general principles of cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and farther, I find that the paper has letters from every part of the country, and one or more associate editors, in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own, too. One thing I must mention particularly. The editor is constantly warning his readers against *humbugs*, telling how sharpers take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up as a humbug in this paper. But I cannot stop to talk now—I have *such* a lot of potatoes to harvest.

Mr. Smith—I wish *I* had. I must *try* that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I can manage to save two cents a week.

Mr. Jones—Never fear. If you don't find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost, for my boys to keep.

Mr. Smith—What did you say the paper is called?

Mr. Jones—The *American Agriculturist*. It is published in New York City. The editor, though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing and paper and mailing facilities are all convenient.

Mr. Smith—How shall I get it?

Mr. Jones—Simply enclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, County, and State, plainly, and direct to Orange Judd, **41** *Park Row, New York City.*

Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin?

Mr. Jones—The *twentieth* volume begins Jan. 1st, but all who send in the dollar now, get the remaining numbers of this year, in addition to the whole of next year's. So if you subscribe now, you get fourteen months' papers. The proprietor also offers some valuable premiums to those who get up lists of subscribers. Send for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1,700 persons have got good premiums in this way during two years. Some of your German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the *Agriculturist* is printed separately in *German*. I did intend to start a club myself, but I have *so many* potatoes to dig, I can not get the time. My sister-in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year, and received a premium of a $50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine; an old acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or three good farming implements, and a young nephew of mine in Ohio got a beautiful copy of Webster's Great Dictionary. These things only cost them a little time, showing the paper evenings and election day. Send in your subscription, and the first paper will tell you all about the premiums. I forgot to tell you that every year the publisher also sends out to all his subscribers who want them, a lot of choice garden and field *seeds*.

Mr. Smith—What does he charge for them?

Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent *free*, except the postage. They are of the best kind, and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the paper.

Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, any way: if half what you say is true, it will be a good investment.

Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I have said true.

Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night, while in the spirit of it.

Mr. Jones—Do it, and you'll always thank me for this talk. Good day, I must hurry up digging my potatoes, I've *such* a lot of them—thanks to a hint in the *Agriculturist*.

Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the Dollar?

Mr. Jones—*To Orange Judd.* **41** *Park Row, New York City.*

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Pennsylvania.—The Congressional list will stand 20 Republicans to 5 Democrats—including one Republican (Butler, in the First District,) in dispute; though he holds the certificate of election.

The Legislature stands: Senate, 6 Democrats, 27 People's Party; House, 30 Democrats, 70 People's Party.

The majority for Curtin for Governor is 32,059—official, except one county. The Republican plurality in the Congressional districts is 47,792. The vote is the largest ever polled in the State.

Ohio.—The Republican majority for Attorney General will reach 25,000, for Congressmen not less than 28,000 or 30,000.

Indiana.—The Indianapolis Journal has the returns of Indiana about complete. The totals now stand: Hendricks, 12,909; Lane, 22,791; majority for Republican candidate, 9,882.

Nebraska.—The election returns are all in, except those from Shorter and Saline counties. Morton, Democrat, has 55 majority for delegate to Congress. The two counties to hear from will probably increase it to 150 or more. The Legislature stands: House, Republicans, 22; Democrats, 17. Council, Republicans, 6; Democrats, 6; in doubt, 1.

South Carolina.—The Governor of South Carolina has issued a proclamation, calling an extra session of the Legislature of that State, for the purpose of electing Presidential Electors, and, "if advisable, to take action for the safety and protection of the State."

Pennsylvania Douglas Action.—The Douglas State Committee have withdrawn their straight ticket, and pledged themselves to the original Reading ticket. They say that the action of the Welsh committee has effected the purposes of their committee as an antagonistic organization, and desiring to harmonize their party, they unite in its support. Mr. Daniel Dougherty endeavored to have the Breckenridge men erased, but he was unsuccessful, only 12 out of 30 voting in favor of his resolution.

Gambling at the State Fair.—A correspondent of the Auburn Union writes that one of the leading hotels at Elmira was converted into a vast *gambling* theatre, where, at one time, no less than *nineteen* tables were in full operation, and open to the public. There were seen roulette, faro, dice, and other games unknown to the uninitiated. Not less than fifty blacklegs were attached to and belonged to the gang. There were also, as he was informed, six private rooms in which gambling was going on at the same time, three of which were rented for $1,500 for the week.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay—but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive; 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory; let *him* have a tear.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

"Your turn now, captain," was the exclamation of several parties, who were seated round the convivial board, telling stories, narrating adventures, singing songs, and drinking each other's healths.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" inquired Captain S——, a small, wiry man of middle age, who had seen service in India.

"Oh, one of your most thrilling adventures," said one of the party; "for surely you must have had some, while stationed in that wild region which is said to teem with them."

"Ah! very well, gentlemen—I remember one that *I think* will interest you, and here you have it. It was in the year 183–, that I joined my regiment, as a sub, at Bangalore; and not being used to such a climate, where the mercury runs up to 110 degs. in the spring, with no idea of coming down again till autumn, I soon found myself an invalid, and almost cursed the day that I had been tempted to leave cool old England for such a sweltering country. Some of my friends advised a trip to the Malabar coast, and I was nothing loth to try any change, believing even the worst I could possibly make must be for the better. So I procured a palanquin, and eight good bearers, to take a turn about, and set off forthwith, through as wild a country as ever poor mortal could wish to see.

"Nothing remarkable happened till we entered what is known as the Wynard Jungle; and if nothing had happened there, I should have been tempted to indite the whole country as a libel on appearances. Such a jungle as that may I never behold again! Reeds, weeds, grass, brambles, and bushes were interlaced like a network beneath gigantic trees of teak, whose bows interlocked and canopied the whole, so that in many places the bright sunshine of heaven never penetrated to the earth; and as I was borne *along in my palanquin*, on the shoulders of four timid coolies, while the other four walked leisurely behind, I had the satisfaction of knowing I was in a perfect wilderness inhabited by wild elephants, wild boars, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and any number of deadly reptiles, and that if we were attacked by any ferocious beast, I should probably be deserted on the instant and left to take care of myself. And then fancy me at night, with all these howling beasts around me, attempting to sleep, amid all the poisonous exhalations of a malarious region, with millions of mosquitoes, moths, and bugs, humming, buzzing, and perforating every pore of my body, and you will form some faint idea of the pleasures of a sick man's journey.

"Well, one hot, sultry afternoon, when we had reached somewhere near the heart of this jungle, as I was leaning back on the seat of my palanquin, and dreamily listening to the drowsy, monotonous song of the bearers, I was suddenly roused and startled by two or three hoarse trumpet blasts, which proceeded from a wild elephant, who was crashing through the jungle at no great distance; but before I had time for a word, my attendants dropped me without ceremony, and betook themselves to flight. I leaped to my feet, with a kind of delirious strength, and, knowing there was not a minute between me and eternity if I remained where I was, I plunged into the copse, and ran like a madman in the direction opposite to the sounds of my advancing foe.

"Fortunately for me, I was only a few seconds in reaching the foot of a large teak tree, up which I began to climb as only a man may climb for his life. I heard the monster crushing down the bushes, and making the very earth tremble under his powerful tread, and I went up, up, up, faster than I ever climbed a tree before or ever shall again, with every stitch of clothes upon me completely saturated with the perspiration wrung from me in an agony of fear—not so much the natural fear of death itself, as the instinctive fear of such a death.

"I think the animal must have turned from a direct course before espying me; for though close upon me, as I supposed, when I began to climb, I had succeeded in reaching the first limb, at least some thirty feet from the earth, when he made his appearance at the foot of the tree, snorting and bellowing in the most terrific manner. Seeing me beyond his reach, he lashed himself into a perfect fury, his comparatively small, pig-like eyes shooting gleams of fire as he cast them upwards in his disappointed rage. Then laying hold of the tree with his trunk, he tried his strength in shaking it; but as it was too heavy for him to endanger my position by that means, he soon relinquished it for another. Quietly stepping back a few paces, he measured his ground; and then, with a sudden bound forward, he struck the tree a tremendous blow with his head and tusks. I was watching him closely, but only barely comprehended his design in time to throw my arms and legs around a limb, and brace myself for the shock. Nor was I at all too well prepared; for the concussion bruised me not a little, and it seemed as if a few pounds more of force must have sent me clean from my perch.

"But my enemy was not done yet. Stepping back and looking up at me, with an expression that seemed to inquire what I thought of it, at the same time that he would assure me of its being only the beginning of his battering operations, he returned to the charge with increased vigor. But this time I was better prepared for him, and came not so near being unseated as on the first trial. Nothing discouraged, he retreated still further, and then came down like an avalanche. It was terrible. I had twined and braced myself in *every* possible manner; but when he struck, it seemed as if the concussion, after first bruising me, and almost knocking the breath from my body, relaxed every nerve. Doubtless, I should have fallen to the earth below, only that I was pretty securely balanced in the crotch of the tree, and, having resisted the main shock, had now no difficulty in retaining an upright position.

"On again looking down at the elephant, I was surprised to see him with his head fast against the tree, lashing his tail, pawing the earth, and uttering a sort of moaning, bellowing sound, altogether not unlike a vicious bull when about to make an attack. I did not at first comprehend what had occurred, but supposed his actions to result from the anger of disappointment in not being able to bring me to the ground. But I soon had cause for rejoicing rather than fear. His last charge had been made with so much force, as to imbed his long ivory tusks in the tree, and he was now a prisoner to his own brute strength. In vain he pulled and wrenched, moaned, bellowed, and lashed himself into a perfect fury. There he was, a fast prisoner—caught, as one might say, in his own trap—and never a poor mortal was justified in rejoicing over the misfortunes of a living creature, I think that individual was myself.

"But I was still a prisoner also. How was I to get down? and how make my escape when down? True, the elephant might not be able to liberate himself in time to do me any injury; but I already knew enough of the terrible jungle to feel little inclination to set off through it alone. There were many intricate paths branching off from the main one, over which I had been borne, and the mistake of taking any one of these would almost certainly be fatal—resulting in death from starvation through being lost, or death from some one of the thousand other surrounding perils. What should I do? It was reasonable to hope that some of my attendants would, sooner or later, return to learn the fate of their master; and before venturing on anything rash, I resolved to wait a proper time for them.

"Drearily passed the next three hours that I remained upon my giddy perch, above the imprisoned beast, looking off upon an undulating sea of matted folinge, with the hot sun of that tropical climate pouring down upon me its scorching rays, and almost stifling me with its feverish heat. How eagerly I turned my eyes in every direction, in the hope of getting a glimpse of one of my attendants, to whom I could make known my situation.—No human being was in sight, and my wildest shouts brought no reply. Should I remain where I was, or descend? We were, as I knew, almost half a day's journey from any settlement, and it would therefore be impossible for me to reach a habitation before nightfall, even should I be fortunate enough to follow the nearest path, while a single mistake would leave me to perish in that awful solitude. I decided, therefore, to remain where I was, either till the sun of another day, or till I should see at least one human being capable of acting as a guide.

"The sun was rapidly nearing the western horizon, and I was despairing of any succor that day, when my attention was attracted to a commotion in the jungle, some quarter of a mile distant. Birds of various kinds flew up screaming, and either hovered over the spot in anger, or darted quickly away in fear, and I could catch glimpses of the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, bounding off in every direction. What could be the cause of this disturbance? Was it some one or more of my attendants returning to ascertain my fate? Man, *I* knew, was almost universally feared by the wild, feathered tribe of the wilderness and the animals of the brute creation, and in man was now my hope. Wildly did my heart beat, and eagerly did I strain my eyes to catch a view of my deliverer.

"The line of commotion advanced slowly, but still I could not be certain of the cause. Nearer and nearer it gradually came, till at last I felt a cold thrill of terror pass through my frame, as I suddenly caught a glimpse of the sleek, spotted hide of a royal tiger, slowly and softly making his way through the jungle directly towards the tree upon which I was perched. I looked down at the elephant, and perceived that by some peculiar faculty or instinct he was already aware of his danger. He was standing perfectly still, no longer making an effort to release himself; but I could see the skin of his broad back quiver, as if every nerve of his body were affected.

"The tiger gradually drew nearer, and at last stopped within a few paces, as if to calculate his chances. Then, with bristling hair, he stole softly round his intended victim in a broad circle, his sharp teeth visible, and his terrible eyes glaring with fierce anger and desire. Then crouching for the spring, he gave one fearful roar and bound, and fairly landed upon the back of his helpless victim, who uttered one agonized cry—a sort of shriek and groan combined—that made me pity him, enemy though he was.

"But his sufferings were of short duration; as he could make no resistance, the tiger had matters all his own way! and almost in the time it takes me to tell you the fact, he had torn open the throat of the giant beast, and was drinking his fill of the warm gushing blood. The sight sickened me, and I clung to the tree with closed eyes and a dizzy brain.

"When I looked again, the terror of the jungle was making his retreat, licking his chops with glutted satisfaction. I looked down at the elephant, and beheld a gory carcass, still held to the tree by his tusks.—He was dead, and in his death was perhaps my own salvation, though I was still afraid to descend, lest I should be assailed by some carnivorous beast, attracted thither by the smell of blood.

"I expected nothing but that I should be compelled to remain there through the night; but I bethought me to try the virtue of my voice again, and shouted for help. To my surprise and almost frantic joy, an answer was returned. I repeated my call for help, and one of my attendants made his appearance. I explained what had occurred, and by a signal of his own, he soon brought three of the others to his side. I then descended, but found myself very faint, and was by two of them assisted to my palanquin, where I swooned away.

"It is enough to add that I passed through the jungle in safety; though if any gentleman thinks I flattered myself on being a hero before I left it, I beg to undeceive him. I have since experienced some remarkable adventures, but none that have left upon my mind so vivid an impression of the terrible as the one I have just related."

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge had been spending the evening with his friend, Dr. Watts. Their conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme, and both came to the conclusion that it could not be that they were to sing through all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state, he laid his head upon the pillow, and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying. He saw his weeping friends round his bed, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave the body; but how would it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, How could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that the soul *had* left his body. He himself stood beside the bed, looking at his own corpse, as if it were an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept around the mortal covering, but could not see *him*. While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how, but presently found himself floating over London, as if pillowed on a cloud, borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the busy multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs. "Ah," thought the emancipated spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this foolish scramble! For what do they toil, and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens. "How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought he. He looked and saw a large purple wing, and then he knew that he was carried by an angel. "Whither are we going?" said he. "To Heaven!" was the reply. He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight, and gently placed him on the steps. "I thought you were taking me to Heaven," said the spirit. "This is Heaven," replied the angel. This! Assuredly it is of rare beauty, but I could imagine just such built on earth. "Nevertheless, it is Heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the centre, on which was a golden vase, filled with sparkling wine. "Drink of this," said the angel; "for all who would know spiritual things, must first drink of spiritual wine." Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood before him, smiling most benignly. The spirit instantly dropped on his knees, and bowed his head before him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing; and his voice said, "You will see me seldom now: hereafter you will see me more frequently: in the meantime *observe well the wonders of this temple.*"

The sound ceased. The spirit remained awhile in silence. When he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also; the soul stood alone in its own unveiled presence! Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple, thought he. He looked slowly round. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls, in most marvellous beauty, stood *the whole of his spiritual life.* Every doubt, and every clear perception; every conflict and every victory was there before him! and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite. Thus had he slept peacefully in green valleys, by the side of running brooks; and such had been his visions from the mountain tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul; but now, for the first time, was the veil removed.

To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten. In the words of Whittier:

We shape ourselves the joy and fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered *here*,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

We see that the Superintendent of the Boston schools recommends the general adoption of gymnastic exercises as a regular part of school training. It seems to us that there is no movement of the day of greater importance to the scholars individually, or which is destined to have a greater influence upon the well-being of the country, than this of systematic physical training of children. For *success in life*, vigorous health is of far greater importance than high intellectual culture. *Energy* is what rules the world. Take two boys, equal in every respect, box one of them up in school from morning till night and from year to year, cultivating his mind at the expense of his body, till his nerves have outgrown his muscles, and his brain has outgrown his stomach; while the other boy receives a fair but equal development of both mind and body—and what is the result in the two cases? The scholar graduates perhaps with the highest honors, but he leaves college a feeble and complaining invalid; intellectual and refined, he shrinks with nervous sensitiveness from the rude shocks of the battle of life. The result is, that he is thrust aside in a corner, or trampled under foot in the race. On the other hand, the man who comes forth upon his career in possession of a vigorous constitution, has the backbone, the nerve, the energy, that enable him to win the great battle that every human life is. His *days are filled with healthful and happy activity; his slumbers are sweet at night; his* cheerfulness (the natural effect of good digestion) makes his presence a pleasure to all who know him; he becomes the father of healthy offspring, and fills his home which merry voices; in short, fulfills all the purposes of his being, and leads a prosperous, happy, useful and successful *life.*

But we have conceded too much in yielding the palm of intellectual superiority to the scholar whose brain is overstuffed. John Whipple once asked Daniel Webster to what he attributed his marvellous power of mastering complicated and difficult questions; Webster replied that he attributed it to his habit of never using his brain when it was in the least degree fatigued. The great fact that the time during which the human brain can continue its action is limited, is one of the utmost importance, but it seems to have been generally ignored by those who have had the management of our schools. A New York school commissioner, with leather lungs and a cast-iron head, may insist that a child who has been boxed up six hours in school shall spend the next four hours in study, but it is impossible to develope the child's intellect in this way. The laws of nature are inexorable. By dint of great and painful labor, the child may succeed in repeating a lot of words, like a parrot, but, with the power of its brain all exhausted, it is out of the question for it to really master and comprehend its lessons. The effect of the system is to enfeeble the intellect even more than the body. We never see a little girl staggering home under a load of books, or knitting her brow over them at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, without wondering that our citizens do not arm themselves at once with carving knives, pokers, clubs, paving-stones, or any weapons at hand and chase out the managers of our common schools, as they would wild beasts, that were devouring their children. Indeed, they are worse than wild beasts, for those destroy only the body, but these fiends consume both body and mind of the helpless innocents who fall into their clutches.

In Boston, the system of studying out of school has been prohibited in relation to the girls, and we should be rejoiced to see this city take the lead in extending this prohibition to all the scholars. We are very glad to see that the time for gymnastic exercises is to be taken from the study hours, and not from those given to play—"Experience having shown," says the Superintendent, "that the scholars learn more when a portion of the time is given to these exercises than when all is devoted to study."

We hail the introduction of physical training into our common schools as being calculated to make the Americans the finest race of men, physically, that the world has ever seen; but we value it more as an important step in carrying to a still higher point the unparalleled intellectual cultivation of our people.—*Scientific American.*

THE PRINCES.—There have been eighteen Princes of Wales, namely:—Four of the house of Plantagenet, four of Lancaster and York, two of Tudor, three of Stuart, and five of Hanover. Eleven came to the throne, and died kings. Four came to their death by violence. Twelve were married—three to English ladies, and nine to ladies from other countries. Four of the latter were from France, one from Portugal, one from Spain, one from Bavaria, one from Brunswick, and one from Saxe-Gotha.

A TRUE HERO.

My young cousin Henry had been reading Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte.

One evening as we sat together, he laid down his book, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eye, exclaimed—

"Wasn't he the most splendid man that ever lived? I'd give anything to be half as great!"

Mr. Abbott's portrait so carefully conceals the blemishes of his hero, and is set withal in so dazzling a frame, that I could not wonder at a boy's enthusiasm in contemplating it. But I said:

"Your chance of being half as great as Bonaparte is very good, I think. That is not always great which consists in brilliant achievements. The highest greatness is moral; and seeks the good of others, rather than its own glory. I could tell you of a more noble hero than Napoleon, who lived in his own time."

"I should like to hear of one," answered Harry, with an air that said he was not to be convinced. But he still loved a story, so I told him the following:

"Years ago, in the deep heart of a mountain in Belgium, a hundred men were working a coal-mine. Grim-visaged and dusky, moving about by the dull, red light of their safety-lamps, they might have been mistaken for the demons of the mountain, once supposed by the peasants to dwell in its caves. Their work was hard, and surrounded by dangers; but their wives and children were in the hamlet above, and long habit made them forget their perils. So they might be contented, and even happy.

"The creaking windlass raised and lowered a huge bucket through the deep and narrow shaft, from morning till night, carrying men and tools to and fro. This was their only doorway.

"It was noonday, and the sun shone down one side of the shaft, and brought a glimmer of daylight to a part of the mine, when Hubert Goffin, the master miner, took his place in the great kibble, and was let down to the mine many feet below. When he reached the bottom, he commenced handing some tools and stores to Victor, a blind miner who was waiting there. Victor had left a sick child in one of the cottages, and it was to inquire after him that he stood waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

"The bucket was soon emptied, and Hubert was just stepping out, when hark! What sound was that which made his cheek pale? It was the rushing and trickling of water. The next moment he caught sight of a stream forcing itself through a fissure in the mountain, close to the shaft! Hubert's long experience instantly showed him their full danger. It was not a feeble, oozing stream, but a mighty pressure of water that had found its outlet here. They would be overwhelmed—lost. One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at the rope would save him. But though death stared him in the face, he could not sacrifice others to save himself. Quickly jumping out, he seized blind Victor, and placed him in the bucket, saying quickly, as he jerked the rope,

"'Tell them the water has burst in, and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the further end of the gallery. Say farewell to our poor friends.'

"In a moment he was gone, and with him Hubert's only certainty of escape from a terrible death.

"The mine consisted of long, narrow passages, and on all sides deep caves from which the coal had been dug. The men were all at the further end of the mine, hewing out the solid mountain, unconscious of danger. Hubert quickly made his way along the dark passage, followed by the swift-spreading water; and soon reached his fellow-workmen with the dreadful intelligence. It was a moment for panic, when each would have rushed to certain death in a vain effort to save himself. But looking firmly in their ghastly faces, the master spoke a few courageous sentences—

"'Obey my words, lads, and be quick—our picks may save us!'

"Then came a few steady, quick commands, to hollow a new chamber above the level the water would probably reach. The men obeyed in silence, though each knew not but that he might be digging his own grave. A hundred pairs of hands soon finished the work, and into the cave a hundred men crowded to wait for death, or an almost impossible chance of relief. The water gradually filled all the old avenues and chambers, and then seemed stayed. Never was a situation more dreadful. Not more than a day's provisions had been saved, and already two or three of their number had been killed by the falling rocks, while hastily digging the new chamber. The long, dismal hours, with no change to mark them, brought the advance of almost certain death.

"Courage, brave Hubert! God, who saw thy noble sacrifice, will help thee!

"The terrified friends and townsmen, on hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran wildly about in hopeless panic. But soon, guided by the message Hubert had sent, they commenced working a new shaft as near as possible to the spot where the hapless men might be. Five days and nights they toiled, digging deeper into the solid side of the mountain.

"'It is a vain task,' said the men. But the women cried, 'Do not cease! God will help us!'

"At length, on the morning of the sixth day, the muffled sounds of blows from within met the ears of the workmen in the shaft. A signal rang along the rope, and told the news to the waiting multitude above, who rent the air with joyful shouts. Soon a communication was made. They were saved, at least, some were saved!

"Who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate men, buried for five days and nights, without food, when first the day gleamed in upon them, revealing a human face! Of the hundred who had been imprisoned, over seventy survived, and with them Hubert. Without him, indeed, probably no one would have been spared to tell the story.

"This noble act, done in a place and at a moment when no praise of men could have been looked for, echoed through Europe, and obtained the praise and gratitude of the world. The ten thousand miners of Liege hailed their fellow-laborer with delight and pride. Napoleon heard and admired it at his palace in Paris, and sent a reward to the peasant nobleman. He sent him his Cross of Honor, the mark which all the high and great coveted, and better still, offered him a pension which raised him above want for the rest of his life.

"When God unfolds in Heaven the secret charity of men, many such heroes shall stand revealed, whom the earth and the waves have covered, sending no testimony to the world. 'Their Father who seeth in secret shall reward them openly.'"

ONE WAY AND THE OTHER.

"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man, in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes; if you want them, *get* them."

"I don't know who should, if *you* can't," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen, where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state.

"Sally," she cried, "why in the world is not breakfast ready? the mornings are long enough."

"This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who until now had been doing her best; but catching her mistress's tone, she quite lost her temper. "The wonder is breakfast's got at all," she muttered; while her mistress went out, and little Joe came in from the wood-house.

"Tie my shoe, Sally," said he; "the string has tripped me up awfully."

"Go away," cried Sally, "and not pester me at breakfast time."

"Cross creature!" cried little Joe, pouting and pulling off his shoe, which for mischief, or not knowing what else to do, he swung at the cat lapping her milk. The shoe sent the cat one way and the cup another, and the milk in a puddle.

"You mischievous puppy!" cried Sally, giving little Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting-room.

Joe, in a terrible pet, fell upon his little sister, who was playing with a woolly dog, a little toy her auntie gave her, making it bark in a wheezy tone no real dog was ever guilty of.

"Give it to me," cried Joe, snatching it from her hand: whereupon Susy burst into an angry cry. Joe's mother struck him for it, and he set up a howl equal to any young cub in a bear's den; so that by the time breakfast was ready, the family sky was dark and squally as it could well be; for crossness is catching, and "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."—Prov. 17: 4.

THE OTHER WAY.

"Father," said a woman to her husband, one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Yes, I suppose it is most time," answers the husband; "but I can't so well spare the money just now. I wonder if I could not black them nicely up, to make them answer a little longer. Let's see now."

"Do not trouble yourself with them, husband," said the wife. "Let *me* try and see what a gloss I can put on them; maybe they'll look as good as new," and away she tripped down stairs into the kitchen. "Sally," she said, "you are a little behind in breakfast, but I'll help you. No wonder; the green wood troubles you, I'm afraid."

"Please, no," answers Sally, "I'll fetch breakfast on the table in a minute;" and Sally stirs about with cheerful briskness, while little Joe comes in and asks to have his shoe tied.

"In a moment, deary," answers Sally, "while I run down and get some kindlings; your ma wants breakfast."

"Let *me* go," says little Joe, "I'll bring you some beauties," and away scampers the little boy, who soon comes back with an armful. "There, Sally," he says, "won't that help you?"

"Yes, deary," cries Sally; "now let me tie your shoe," and while she does it, Joe is looking at pussy lapping milk.

"Pussy's had her breakfast," said Joe, "and I'll take up her cup, lest somebody should step on it and break it. Come, pussy, go with me," and he carries her into the sitting-room. "Pussy has had her breakfast," he said to sissy; "now will she think your woolly dog a real dog? Let's show it to her."

Sissy put down her plaything, a little woolly dog, and sure enough, puss as soon as she saw it, bushed her tail and backed up her back, just ready for a fight; but pretty soon she saw her mistake, and ran under the table, as if afraid to be laughed at. How the children did laugh; and what a pleasant breakfast that was, where kindness was the largest dish; for "pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."—Prov. 16: 24.

PRUDENTIAL CONSIDERATION.—The lady of a distinguished officer died in one of our colonies, just previous to which she expressed a wish to be buried in England, and was accordingly deposited in a cask of rum, for the purpose of transport home, but remained in the cellar after the officer's second marriage; the detention being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on the spirit imported into England, in which the dear departed was preserved, would in a few years be either lowered or taken off altogether! Strange as this may seem, it is true.—*English Paper.*

☞ A man might afford, like a grasshopper, to pass the whole summer in singing, if, like that happy little insect, he lay torpid and needed nothing to eat in winter.

THE HILL-TOP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The burly driver at my side,
We slowly climbed the hill,
Whose summit in the hot noon-tide
Seemed rising, rising still.
At last our short noon shadows hid
The top-stone bare and brown,
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North;
Between me and the sun,
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,
I saw the cloud-shades run.
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain-girdled "Squam;"
Like green winged birds, an hundred isles
Upon its bosom swam.

And glimmering through the noon-haze warm,
Far as the eye could roam,
Dark billows of an earthquake storm
Reflected clouds like foam;
Their vales in mist and shadow deep,
The rugged peaks in shine,
I saw the mountain ranges sweep
The horizon's northern line!

There towered Cocorna's peak—and west,
Moosehillock's chain was seen,
With many a slide-scarred, nameless crest,
And shaggy gorge between;
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountain shone;
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful Face of Stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:
"About this time last year,
I drove a party to the lake,
And stopped at evening here.
'Twas duskish down below, but all
These hills stood in the sun,
Till, dipped behind you purple wall,
He left them, one by one.

"A lady who from Thornton Hill
Had held her seat outside,
And, as a pleasant woman will,
Had shorter made the ride,
Besought me with so sweet a smile,
Her quiet words between,
That I was fain to rest awhile
And let her sketch the scene.

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,
Her book upon her knees,
A stray brown lock beneath her hat,
Unrolling in the breeze;
Her sweet face in the sunset light
Upraised and glorified—
I never saw a prettier sight
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair, it seemed her joy
To comfort and to give;
My poor sick wife and cripple boy
Will bless her while they live!"
The tremor in the driver's tone
His manhood did not shame;
"I dare say, sir, you may have known"—
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,
The blue lake was away,
For mountain scope, a parlor's bounds,
A lighted hearth for day!
And lonely years and weary miles
Did at that time depart;
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on. But earth and sky
Had power to charm no more,
Still dreamed my inward turning eye
The dream of memory o'er.
Oh! human kindness, human love,
To few who seek denied!
Too late we learn to prize above
The whole round world beside!

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DETECTIVE FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

A telegraphic despatch went up to London in the course of the following day: it was sent by Lord Dane, and received by the head police office in Scotland Yard. On the morning after, Bruff informed Lord Dane that a gentleman, a stranger, was at the castle, asking to see him.

As the reader may surmise, it was one of the chief detectives, come down in obedience to the demand of Lord Dane. He bore about him no outward signs of his profession, was in plain clothes, and a free speaking, agreeable man; one who had received a liberal education, and was well read. His name was Blair. Miss Dane, meeting him in the corridor, scanned him with her critical eyes, critical when single gentlemen were in the way, and inquired privately of her brother who he was, and whether he was married. To the latter question, Lord Dane, at hazard, answered Yes; to the former, he carelessly said something about "banking firm;" "private affairs;" "money matters." Miss Dane, who was a great gossip, forthwith favored the household with the information that Mr. Blair was one of his lordship's town bankers, come down on money business: and thence the news penetrated to Danesheld.—He remained on a visit at the castle.

After breakfast, which Lord Dane partook of with him in the library, came the conference. Mr. Blair was put in possession of the facts already known to the reader: of the shipwreck, of Lydney's being saved from it of the recovery of the box, and then its loss, of Lydney's suspicious association with the poachers, his frequenting the wood, of his having been seen in it, or close to it, at the hour of the late conflict with the keepers, of his having wormed himself into the confidence of the neighboring families, especially of Squire Lester's, and his supposed covert designs on Miss Lester and her fortune, and lastly came this projected attack on the castle, to which Master Shad had been a listener, and of which Lydney was no doubt prime mover. Lord Dane threw open the whole budget.

Mr. Blair listened in silence.

"When is the supposed attack to take place?" was the first question he put.

"Better be prepared from to-night, inclusive. The boy said not quite immediately."

"And—if I gather your lordship's wishes rightly—you would prefer the attack not to be prevented; but that the lightfingered gentry should be caught in the act."

"Precisely so. The neighborhood *shall* be rid of this pest, Lydney; therefore it shall go on to the attack. I am sorry for the other men, and would have spared them if I could, but there's no help for it, and they must share the penalty. They have been too fond of helping themselves to hares and pheasants, and of setting my keepers at defiance, also of doing a little private business in the smuggling line: but they would no more have ventured to plan such a feat as this, than I should. Lydney has drawn them into it."

"I scarcely follow your lordship yet," mused Mr. Blair. "By this lad's account—Shad, or whatever you call him—robbery appears to be a secondary consideration: the clearing of the plate chest is to be effected while the real object, 'the business,' is transacting, and this business a murderous assault on your lordship. How have you incurred Lydney's ill will, that he should plan so diabolical a crime?"

"I have given you Shad's version—I should rather say the conclusion he jumped to," returned Lord Dane, "but I have not yet given you mine. I do not believe that any assault upon myself is contemplated; I believe they would be only too happy that I should sleep, undisturbed, through the proceedings, and wake up to find them and the plate safely off."

"But you have said the plate is not the principal object," again pursued Mr. Blair.

"Neither is it," returned Lord Dane. "I believe that Lydney's chief object is to search for this box. From the first, he has insolently and rudely accused me of detaining it in the castle: accused me both to my face and behind my back. Now I think it will turn out that the box is the prime motive power, and that he has persuaded these poor fellows to join in the attack by promising them a share of the plate booty for their pains."

"Where *is* the box?"

"I cannot say."

"Did it enter the castle?"

"Have I not explained that the things were all placed in my strong room and secured: and that when they were visited—on the same day, and by Lydney himself—the box in question was not among them? The two men who carried in the things could not remember that particular box; my butler, who was looking on, failed to observe it; in short, the only pair of eyes which professed to witness its actual entry, belonged to this young reptile, Shad; and he's the deuce's own cousin for telling lies, if it suits his purpose."

"Had he a purpose?"

"He was standing by, watching the unloading of the cart. Lydney afterwards heard of this, and offered him sixpence if he could tell where the box went to. Shad said into the castle; having the attractions of the sixpence before his sight. The general opinion was, that the box was stolen from the cart in its progress to the castle. For my own satisfaction's sake, and in justice to my servants, I had the castle at once searched by the police, but no box was found."

"And did Lydney know of this?"

"He did. The inspector of police, here, informed him of it."

"Then, my lord, how can you take up the opinion that he must be breaking into the castle after the box?"

"It is my opinion," replied Lord Dane.—"Bad as he is, I do not believe personal injury to myself is his object."

"Have you cause to think he may entertain any ill feeling against you at all?" proceeded Mr. Blair, after some reflection.

"No. Unless—I declare that is a point in the business that never occurred to me till this moment—unless he is cognizant that I, on Tuesday last, warned Mr. Lester against him. I found the fellow growing more intimate than was expedient with Miss Lester, at all events trying to do so, meeting her in her walks, and the like, and I gave Mr. Lester my opinion of his character, with the grounds for it. I understand Mr. Lester so far acted upon it, that same day, as to turn him from the house upon his attempting to call."

"Did he know it was you who gave Mr. Lester the information?" inquired Mr. Blair.

"Not that I am aware of. But he may have learned it."

"Quite sufficient provocation to induce ill feeling towards your lordship, in a base mind like his," remarked the officer. "Especially if he really had cast a covetous eye on the fortune of the young lady."

"But to murder me for it!" cried Lord Dane, in a doubtful tone. "That's rather strong revenge."

"Few men, let them be ever so bad, contemplate murder," answered Mr. Blair. "The crime, when committed, generally arises with circumstances. But I must lay my plans, so that this one does not succeed in it. Where is your police station?"

"In the heart of Danesheld. I will walk with you to it."

"I understand that your lordship gives the entire charge of this business into my hands?" pursued Mr. Blair.

"Undoubtedly."

"Then you must allow me to go to work in my own way. I would prefer to visit the inspector here alone. His name is Young, I think."

"Young. He succeeded Wilkes, who died. Your plan will be, I suppose, to place some men each night inside the castle?"

"I will inform your lordship of my plans this evening, when I shall have had time to consider of them."

Mr. Blair walked into the town, and found the police station. Inspector Young happened to be in the first room alone, perched upon a stool. The stranger, in a summary sort of manner, began asking various questions of Danesheld and its inhabitants, of the police station, and of other things, rousing the ire of the inspector, who was a great man in his own estimation, and considered that nobody, save a magistrate, or Lord Dane himself, might interfere in what pertained to his post.

"I should be glad to know who you are, coming in and examining into my business," cried he, resentfully.

"Should you?" was the careless reply. "I am Mr. Blair from Scotland Yard, and I hold my private orders direct from Sir Richard Mayne."

The inspector jumped off the stool.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he. "Please to step into the inner room. I hope—I'm sure I hope nothing in our office here has fallen under the displeasure of Sir Richard."

"Not that I have heard," replied Mr. Blair, as he took his seat. "But now I want a great deal of information from you. Who's this Lydney that's stopping in the place?"

"Well, I don't know who he is," returned the inspector. "We can't make him out, sir. To appearance, and to speak to, he seems of the very highest degree, you wouldn't take him for anything less than a nobleman. But, on the other hand, he mixes himself up with poachers and disreputable people, goes into the woods with them at night, lodges at a public house, and—in short, we are puzzled."

"Was it his own box that was lost?"

"He says not. Very anxious he has been for its recovery, quite feverish over it. He offered a thousand pounds reward."

"When he is probably not worth a hundred pence. Had that box been produced, and the reward claimed, you might have found yourselves in a dilemma, or had to rob your own pockets to give it."

Inspector Young smiled.

"We are more cautious than that, sir, though we are countrymen. My Lord Dane dropped me a hint to the same effect, and I, in a civil way, intimated to Lydney that he was a stranger, and we could not be answerable for the reward. So he deposited the money with me."

"The thousand pounds!" uttered Mr. Blair.

"He did, sir. Of course I gave him an acknowledgment, and we hold the money still. But I had to pass my word to him that the transaction should be a strict secret, consequently it is not known."

"Not to Lord Dane?"

"Not to any one. Lord Dane's opinion is, that Lydney himself has possession of the box: but—"

"No it is not," interrupted Mr. Blair.

"I can assure you that it *is*," said the inspector.

"I can assure you that it is not," authoritatively corrected Mr. Blair. "If his lordship has told you so, he must have had, his own reasons."

The inspector did not dare to contradict again. He looked at his superior, and waited. The latter lowered his voice.

"Have you heard that Dane Castle is likely to be broken into?"

"No!" exclaimed the inspector. "Who by?"

"Lydney—as the chief mover. And his object, as Lord Dane thinks—one of his objects—is to search after this identical box; the other object is the plate-chest. That is the business I am down upon."

"My goodness me!" ejaculated the inspector, after a pause. "Lydney! well I could not have believed that of him! I can't understand this at all, sir."

"Neither can I," returned Mr. Blair. "It was clear enough before you told me of the thousand pounds: it is not now. How can I get at a chap called Shad? I should like a meeting with the gentleman—accidental, you comprehend."

"That will be easily effected. He is always about the wood," was the reply of the inspector.

While they converse, let us turn for an instant to Miss Bordillion's, where Mr. Lydney was presenting himself for a morning call.

"Not at home," said the servant, but at that very unlucky moment, who should present her unconscious self at the window, but Miss Bordillion. Lydney looked at her, and then at the servant, a half smile upon his face. The girl felt angry and confused, and attempted a justification.

"It's not my fault, sir: I have only to obey orders. Though it is *not* my mistress's general custom to say she is not at home when she is."

"Miss Bordillion desired you to deny her if I called?"

"Yes, sir, she did."

He wrote a few words on a leaf of his pocket-book, tore it out, and sent it in to Miss Bordillion.

"I pray you, as a favor, see me for a few minutes: I will not ask it again."

"Once more can't matter," said Miss Bordillion to herself as she read the words.—"Show Mr. Lydney in, Ann."

"I thank you for admitting me," he began, as he entered. "I find, Miss Bordillion, that within the last day or two some strange rumors to my prejudice have been circulating in Danesheld. With Lord Dane, I never was in favor; but others were friendly with me. Will you tell me candidly what these rumors are, and whence they arise. I apply to you, because I believe you are truthful and sincere, above petty prejudice, and I had learnt to believe that, of all in Danesheld, you esteemed me as a friend?"

Miss Bordillion hesitated in perplexity. She was, as he designated it, truthful and sincere; but she was also kind, and revolted at the thought of giving pain. Mr. Lester had favored her with his version of the reports against Lydney, asserting that they were indisputably true—as Lord Dane had asserted to him—and Miss Bordillion felt that she could not again receive one who lay under so dark a cloud.

"You probably heard that Mr. Lester turned me from his door?" he proceeded, finding she did not speak.

"I must acknowledge that I did."

"And you have given orders to be denied to me. Well, now, Miss Bordillion, would it not be fair to acquaint me with the grounds for that line of conduct? A man cannot fight shadows."

"It might be fair, Mr. Lydney, but it would be a task by no means agreeable. That there are tales abroad to your prejudice, it would be folly to deny; but I think the removing of them rests with yourself."

"In what way? I cannot, I say, combat shadows?"

"It appears to me that you should declare who you are. You have said that you are of good family—a family of some note in England. I am sure I received the assertion with perfect reliance on its truth, as I make no doubt others did. But, now that these prejudices against you have arisen, it is incumbent on you to declare more particularly who your family are, and of what county. I think if you could do this, the feeling against you would, in a measure, be removed. You perceive I speak openly."

Something like amusement twinkled in his eye as he listened.

"I suppose, since the prejudice has spread, people have been searching through the peerage and baronetage, and all your other red books, to find the name of Lydney," said he.

"Something very like it, I believe," replied Miss Bordillion. "Do you not see that it is necessary you should declare yourself?"

"Will you tell me what the rumors are, and whence they arise?"

"Whence they arise, I do not know; from your own conduct, I believe. People talk of your being friendly with the poachers—of your frequenting the woods at night. For myself, I do not credit that; I do not, indeed, Mr. Lydney; I have better faith in you."

"Yet you have ordered your doors to be closed."

"I—I could not do otherwise," she answered, quite distressed at having to give the explanation, yet deeming it better to speak freely, now it was entered upon. "Squire Lester insisted upon it; or else Maria's visits here must have ceased."

"I am accused, I hear, among other heinous sins," he proceeded, dropping his voice to a lower key, "of entertaining covetous designs on the fortune of Miss Lester."

"Who could have told you that?" uttered Miss Bordillion.

"It is patent to all Danesheld. You may hear it as you pass along the street. I am supposed to be doing my best to delude Miss Lester into a Gretna Green escapade, or some such unorthodox marriage, for the sake of touching her fourteen thousand pounds. Allow me to assure *you*, Miss Bordillion, that, whatever I do marry, it will be of no moment to me whether my wife owns fourteen thousand pounds, or not fourteen hundred pence."

"I wish you would not mention these things, Mr. Lydney, for they only pain me to hear them. For myself, I cannot but have confidence in you; there is something about you that I have trusted from the first, and trust still. But, put yourself in my position, and reflect how impossible it is that I can act against the stream, and continue to receive you here—especially with Miss Lester visiting me as usual. If you would be more open, as to yourself, and declare who you are, it might be different."

"The fact is," said Lydney, but in a good natured tone, "that you do doubt me. You like me personally, you have a sort of faith in me, at least you had; but you cannot overget the budget of innendoes against me, now opened. I do not know that I blame you for it, Miss Bordillion; in your position, as you observe, I might judge as you do. I will not intrude longer on you," he added, as he rose, "but I must express my hope that the time will shortly come when you will welcome me to your house again."

Miss Bordillion held out her hand in token of adieu.

"Were I you, Mr. Lydney, I would no longer remain in Danesheld; it cannot be a pleasant spot of abode to you now."

"That proves how you share in the general prejudice," he laughed, as he released her hand. "Farewell."

"Not a word about his family—or who he is," thought Miss Bordillion, as she turned to ring the bell. "I don't know what to think."

The servant had the street door open as he approached it, admitting Maria Lester. Mr. Lydney caught her hand and drew her into a small room or study, where in past days she and Edith used to do their lessons. He closed the door, and stood before her.

"Maria," he began, calling her in his agitation by her Christian name, "I am going to put your friendship, your confidence in me to the proof. Dark tales are abroad to my prejudice, insinuations that I am not what I appear to be, that I am no gentleman; nay, worse, that I am a bad character. Do you believe them?"

"No," she quietly said, lifting her trusting eyes to his.

"I will not thank you; it appears to me that if you could believe such accusations cast on me, you would not be worth my thanks. Bold, you will say. Yes, I am bold in this moment. It is not convenient to me—you shall know why, sometime—to declare anything more of myself than people know at present. The tales of my nefarious doings will right themselves; I do not fear them, or cast a word to them; but when you hear it said that I am no gentleman, that I am an adventurer, believe it not. Will you trust me?"

"With my whole heart and faith," she answered, the tears rising to her eyes.

"I do thank you now," and somehow he contrived to possess himself of both her hands. Holding them between his, he looked her steadfastly in the face. "It has been brought against me, that I am striving to gain the affections of Miss Lester for the sake of securing her fortune. Upon the state of Miss Lester's affections I will not enter, but I will honestly avow that she has gained mine. I say no more; I must leave it to the future; to the time when I can present myself before Mr. Lester, and ask that his daughter may be given to me for my own. In that hour Mr. Lester will find that fortune is certainly no object to me, and that he is heartily welcome to retain any she may possess. I have not offended you in saying this?" he added in a tone of the deepest tenderness.

No, he had not offended her; far from it: her heart only beat more responsively to the avowal. It was an instant of agitation; her feelings were nearly beyond control, and her wet eyelashes rested on her crimsoned cheeks.

"It has been told to me," he whispered, "that another covets the prize for his: one whom I suspect to be my enemy. And that Mr. Lester favors his suit."

"But not I," she answered in the moment's impulse. "I never can be his, though he has made it a condition of his placing Wilfred beyond reach of want. Papa would like it: Lord Dane is rich, and a man of rank."

"I will take care of Wilfred," said Mr. Lydney: "so far as any one can take care of him. And it may be in my power to offer Mr. Lester a position for his daughter, not inferior to that of Lord Dane. Only trust me, Maria," he concluded, as he lingeringly released her, and turned away.

As the maid was showing him out, a stranger passed the door, and looked keenly at him, very keenly Lydney thought. It was not, however, an offensive stare: but the eyes that gave it appeared to have a peculiar power of their own for taking in all points of any object on which they rested.

"I hope he will know me again," said Mr. Lydney, good-humoredly: "I wonder who he is."

"I know, sir," said the girl. "He passed when I was in the tea shop just now, and I heard it. It is my Lord Dane's banker, come down on a visit. Good morning, Mr. Lydney, sir."

The last sentence was uttered in a hearty tone, and with a raised voice, for Lydney had slipped half-a-crown into her hand, willing, perhaps, to prove to the girl that he cherished no resentment against her for obeying orders and denying him. The stranger evidently caught the tones, and turned to the maid.

"Did I hear you call that gentleman Lydney?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. That's Mr. Lydney."

Mr. Blair looked after him, looked curiously, as if Lydney did not answer to the picture he had mentally painted of him.

"He does look like a gentleman," were the words that seemed involuntarily to escape him.

"He is a gentleman, if ever there was one," cried the girl, familiarly.

"Ah!" soliloquised Mr. Blair, walking on. "Just the fellow to come into a country [illegible] and ride the high horse. He might deceive us, if we trusted to his looks."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ATTACK.

It was Sunday evening, and several days subsequent to the arrival of Mr. Blair. In the large dining-room at Dane Castle he sat, Lord Dane with him. Both gentlemen had finished their wine, but the decanters and dessert remained on the table. They were in earnest conversation, when suddenly one of the windows was shaken, and Lord Dane rose hastily, pulled aside the white blind, the curtains not being closed, and found himself face to face with Mr. Shad, the glass only between them. He had mounted the iron railings outside, and was standing on the spikes, leaning forward, and holding on by the frame of the window.

"You young imp!" uttered Lord Dane, as he drew back the window, which opened in the middle, after the manner of the French, "what the deuce brings you here?"

"They're a coming on this very night, my lord, I know they is," cried Shad, his face working with excitement. "They're in the wood now, and a tying black crape to their hats; I see 'em a trying of 'em on, and I thought I'd come and tell ye."

Mr. Blair was by the side of Lord Dane, and he seized the boy and deposited him inside the room.

"I see the 'lumination in this here parlor," proceeded Shad, "and made bold to get up and look if it was your lardship in it, but the blind hindered me. I was afeared to go to the big gates, for the servants would on'y ha' druv me back again."

"How many did you see?" asked Mr. Blair.

"I see four. Two tall, and two short," answered Shad. "There was the three what I heered a planning of the thing days back, and the 'tother, the tallest of all, was like—; I didn't see his face, though," he broke off. "He was a sitting down all the time, and the black hung afore his nose."

"How can you tell that he was tall, if he were sitting down?" demanded Mr. Blair.

"'Cause he was," was Shad's reply. "I twigged his long legs."

"Who were you going to say he was like?"

"Well, I never heered him speak, and I never see him get up, but he was like Will Lester."

"Nonsense!" angrily interposed Lord Dane, what should Wilfred Lester want, breaking into my house? The boy's a fool, Blair, and has always been deemed one. Do you think it was Lydney?" he sharply added, turning to Shad.

Now the boy was not a fool; he had a vast deal too much cunning to be a fool, and that cunning he was incessantly calling into requisition. It did not in the least matter to Shad whether the silent gentleman in the disguising crape might be Mr. Lydney or Mr. Wilfred Lester: his opinion was that it was the latter; but as the suggestion appeared to give offence to Lord Dane, who would evidently be better pleased to hear that it was Lydney, Shad's cunning prompted him to veer round.

"Well, I dunno," said he, with admirable simplicity. "Lydney's tall, too, he is: and I think the man was broad here," touching his chest, "like Lydney's is. Yes, I does think he looked more like Lyndney. 'Twas the leggins made me think o' Will Lester: but I see Lydney with a pair on, one day."

"Safe to be Lydney," murmured Lord Dane in the ear of Mr. Blair: and the latter nodded.

"What did you hear?" he asked of Shad.

"I didn't hear nothing, sir. They warn't a talking, above a odd word 'bout the veils; and I cut off, and left 'em, to tell his lardship."

Mr. Blair spoke for a moment in an under tone with Lord Dane, and then gingerly lifted Shad out at the window again, on to the spikes, telling him to jump down. Lord Dane addressed the boy.

"You go home at once to bed, Shad. You are not wanted, and there might be a danger, you know, of your getting shot, in mistake for one of the thieves, if you lingered near the castle. If these men get dropped upon through your information you shall have such a reward as you have never seen in your life. Make the best of your way home."

Away tore Shad, as if in a hurry of obedience. But the moment he was beyond view of the castle, he stopped dead, threw up his arms, capered with his feet, performed, in short, all sorts of antics, and spoke out with his tongue.

"Go home to bed, my lard says! Not I; I hain't agoing to bed: I'd like to see the fun. And as if I didn't know Will Lester, though he have got the black crape over his face! He—"

Shad found himself pinioned. Strolling about and smoking a cigar, was Mr. Lydney, close to whom Shad had unconsciously been dancing, and who had heard his words.

"What is that about Will Lester and black crape, Shad?"

Shad began to howl. He was agoing home to his granny's to bed, he was.

"You little hypocrite!" exclaimed Mr. Lydney, "do I want to hurt you, do you suppose? Look here, Shad; you cannot play the simpleton with me, so just put off that idiotic folly. I ask you what you meant, when you alluded to Wilfred Lester's having black crape over his face, and I ask *to know*. If you don't choose to tell me I will take you off now to the police station, and you shall tell them. What fun is going on to-night? I heard all you said, and that Lord Dane had ordered you home to bed. Did you ever see a sovereign, Shad?"

"I have seed 'em," returned Shad, with a stress on the "seed."

"Would you like to possess one?"

"Oh!" asperated Shad, in trembling delight, his mouth beginning to water.

"I said I would give you sixpence, if you told me the truth about that box; I believe you did tell me the truth, and I gave it you. Tell me now the truth of what is agate, touching Mr. Wilfred Lester, and I will give you a golden sovereign."

For that tempting bait Shad would have sold Danesheld and everybody in it, himself included. But Shad was somewhat puzzled. If this was the night of the grand expedition, and Mr. Lydney was strolling about enjoying idleness and a cigar, he could not be in it, as had been surmised. Shad's cunning came to the rapid conclusion that he was *not* in it, and that they had been under a mistake in supposing so.

"I daredn't tell," said he, "I'm afeared as you'd tell on me again, and they'd kill me dead, some of 'em."

"You may trust my word, Shad, better than I can trust yours; I will not tell upon you. See how bright it looks."

Mr. Lydney struck a fusee, took a sovereign from his pocket, and held the light close to it. The attraction was irresistible, and Shad speedily made a clean breast of it, and put Mr. Lydney into possession of as much as he knew himself.

"The castle was a going to be broke into that night, and the plate chest stoled," was its substance.

"It is not possible that Wilfred Lester would join in an expedition of that sort!" debated Mr. Lydney in incredulity. "It's not possible, I say, Shad."

"I see 'em; they be a tying the black crape over their faces at this very time," was Shad's eager rejoinder. "There's Drake, and Nicholson, and Ben Beecher; and Will Lester was a sitting down, ready. My lard broke out upon me sharp, a saying it warn't him; he said it was you."

"Lord Dane said it was I!" repeated Mr. Lydney.

"Leastways," cried Shad, retracting, lest he might be getting himself into hot water, "he said, Was it Mr. Lydney or was it Will Lester, 'cause both was tall. So I said as I couldn't speak to neither of 'em for certain, when I see it angered him. As if I didn't know Will Lester!"

After some further colloquy, Shad was dismissed, and Mr. Lydney remained in a state of the utmost perplexity and discomposure. That Wilfred Lester had joined in certain night expeditions of the poachers, touching game, he had made himself only too sure; but that he would rush madly into crime was incomprehensible. One of two things was certain; he must have lost his senses, or become utterly reckless.

How could he, Lydney, prevented its taking place? at any rate prevent Lester's joining in it? It was indispensable he should be prevented, not only for his own sake, but for his family's; and a deep flush rose to Mr. Lydney's brow, as he thought of the terrible disgrace it would reflect on Maria, should her brother be taken and tried for housebreaking. As he thus mused, he became conscious that several policemen were passing him, not

together, but singly, and at different times, as if not to attract observation; the connection of their errand flashed into his mind—they were going up to guard the castle? All that he could do was to follow them, place himself in a position that would command the approach to the castle, watch for the appearance of the robbers, and intercept Wilfred Lester.

The only retainer of Lord Dane's who had been made privy to the expected attack, was Bruff. The rest had been suffered to retire quietly to rest, night after night, unconscious that any armed force was at watch in the castle. Suffer it to be known to them, and it would no longer be a secret in Danesheld, was the argument of Mr. Blair; in which case the attack would not take place. On this Sunday night, the police were admitted privately as usual; the household went to bed; but Lord Dane, Mr. Blair, and Bruff remained up. Mr. Blair told the officers that the attack was expected.

They waited, and waited; the men at their appointed posts, Mr. Blair anywhere and everywhere, Lord Dane and Bruff in excitement; they waited, and waited on. The clock struck one.

"It is very strange they don't come!" muttered Mr. Blair.

Suddenly, shots were heard in the wood at a distance, and the men came stealthily out of their hiding places; Lord Dane and Bruff also rushed into the hall.

"Back, every one of you," was the stern order of Mr. Blair. "It is coming on now."

"They have met with some obstacle, and are fighting it out in the wood," exclaimed Lord Dane. "Hark at the shots."

"Back, I say, all of you," was the reiterated order of the detective. "Those shots are a *ruse* to draw the attention of the keepers from the castle, should any be near it. I expected something of the sort. They'll be here directly now. Back; and silence: and whatever you may hear or see, let none stir forth till I give the signal."

Back they cowered, and the castle returned to silence. And still they waited and waited on.

Lydney also waited in his place of ambush: like those within, he wondered what was keeping the villains. He heard the town clock strike one; and, not long after, he heard the shots in the wood. It did not occur to him to take the view of them that the detective had done, and they disturbed him much: but he could not quit his present post. It was a muggy, disagreeable damp night; the early part of it had been clear, but the weather was changing; anything but a pleasant night to remain on the watch in the open air.

Suddenly a noise stole on his ear: not, however, a sound of the covert footsteps of more than one, as he was expecting, but of one pair of boy's feet scampering over the ground with all possible haste and noise. Mr. Lydney looked out, and encountered Shad.

"So you are here! instead of having gone home to bed!"

"Don't hold on me then please, sir," panted Shad, who was out of breath. "I'm a going to the castle to tell Lord Dane. I know he's up, a waiting."

"To tell him what?"

"'Taint the castle they be on to. It's the Hall."

"What!" screamed Lydney.

"They've a broke into it; they be in it now. I've been a *dodging on to 'em all the night*, and they be gone right into the Hall 'stead o' coming here. They took a pane out at one o' the winders."

All that had been dark grew clear to Lydney. Wilfred Lester was after the DEED; the deed relating to his property, which his father withheld from him. He had persuaded these men into the expedition, and *they* no doubt were after doing a little private business on their own account, touching the plate chest. And this was correct; when Shad had heard, or partially heard, the planning, he had mistakenly concluded that the castle was the object, never giving a thought to the Hall. The castle, however, had never been threatened. And Wilfred Lester—but this need scarcely be observed—was not cognisant of the men's intentions to *steal;* he purposed and believed that the abstraction would be confined to the deed. He looked upon that as his own, and deemed he was committing no sin to take it, under the circumstances of its being so unjustly and unlawfully denied him.

With a half cry of dismay, Lydney sped towards the Hall; but, ere he had gone a yard, he stopped and grasped Shad.

"You must not go to the castle, Shad; there's no need to acquaint Lord Dane with this. I will not have you go there."

Shad lifted his cunning and covetcous eyes.

"They be on the watch, they be, and if I goes and tells his lardship as that lot hain't a coming, maybe he'll give me a half-a-crown."

"And a pretty thing you'd do!" returned Mr. Lydney, meeting cunning with cunning. "You would put them off their guard at the castle; and how do you know 'that lot,' as you call them, may not take a turn up there, after they have done with the Hall? Would Lord Dane reward you for that?"

Shad opened his eyes. The notion had not struck him.

"You be quiet, Shad, that is all you have to do. Be entirely silent as to the doings of this night, and especially as to Wilfred Lester; if I find that you are, I will do something better for you even than the sovereign."

He flew towards the Hall, as he concluded, and Shad followed more slowly after him.

Lydney seemed to gain the Hall in no time. He passed through the gates, and stood there to reconnoitre, before approaching close. The house seemed silent as the grave; nothing could be seen, nothing heard; the blinds appeared drawn before the windows, and the inmates were no doubt sleeping peacefully. Lydney began to question whether that iniquitous Shad had deceived him, when he was startled by the loud report of a pistol inside, and at the same moment some object seemed to come forth from the hall door, and disappear among the shrubs—but who or what he could not decide. He darted forward to the house and entered it, his head full of Wilfred Lester, his ill-conduct, and his danger.

Shad had not used deceit. The men were in. Drake had entered by means of the window, had then opened the back door and admitted the rest. They waited and listened when they were fairly in, but not a mouse seemed stirring, nothing but the beating of their own hearts.

Silently went Wilfred Lester to his father's study, the others with him, and silently he applied himself to open the safe, where his father had told him the deed was deposited. He had come armed with a key to unlock it harmlessly, so that no discovery should be made of its having been opened by unfair means. Drake kept the room door against surprise; Ben Beecher held the light, and Nicholson did nothing. It may be wondered that Wilfred Lester should enlist three men in the expedition, when plunder was not the object, and there would be no booty to carry off; but the men had obstinately refused to go with him singly; all would risk it and stand by each other if surprised; or none. Young Lester yielded in his recklessness.

Strange objects they looked there, on that dark, midnight expedition, the black crape disguising their faces. The safe was soon opened, but there appeared a mass of papers within, and Wilfred could not get at the deed without search. Other deeds were there; other papers; some tied with red tape, some sealed, some unfastened. They were disposed of in order, and there was no difficulty in looking them over; only it took time. He came to one: "Will of George Lester, Esquire," and the temptation to tear it open and read it was great; he felt sure he was disinherited; that he, the heir by right of birth, had been discarded for Lady Adelaide's children; but he resisted the impulse, and threw it aside with an angry and hasty word. Presently he came to the one he wanted; his own name on the back guided him to the right parchment, and he clutched it with a suppressed shout of joy.

"All right, boys! I have it at last."

There was a murmur of congratulation given under their breath, and Wilfred began putting in order again the papers he had disturbed. While doing this, Robertson and Drake attempted to steal out of the room. Wilfred turned to them.

"Where are you going? Stop where you are."

"Why, you'd never go to begrudge us a snack of bread-and-cheese, and a draught of beer!" returned Drake. "We shall find it in the pantry, and 'twont be missed."

"You know the bargain," said Wilfred Lester, in suppressed anger. "Nothing must be touched in the house; no, not a crust of bread; they shall not have it to say that we came in like thieves, for common plunder."

"I'll take a stroll through it, at anyrate," answered Drake, hardily. "And as to not touching a bit and a sup, if I see it—"

"I will shoot the first man who lays his finger upon anything in my father's house, no matter what it may be," was the stern interruption of young Lester, as he drew his pistol. "Drake! Nicholson! you know the agreement, I say. I have promised your reward for helping me; and having secured the deed, I shall be able to pay it you; but the house and its contents must remain intact."

They were callous, bold men, and not to be balked in that way. Having entered on the expedition with their own views of self-benefit, it was little likely they would be turned from them. A low whisper of conversation went on between Drake and Nicholson; something to the effect that they must accomplish their purpose by stratagem, rather than come to an open broil with Wilfred Lester *there* and *then;* and they debated how best to work it. Wilfred, meanwhile, continued to arrange the papers in the safe, it was soon done, and he closed the door again, and locked it.

"Now then," said he, "to get out as cleverly as we came in."

That was easier said than done, for more reasons than one. Wilfred Lester quitted the study, with his companions, and locked the door, leaving the key in the lock as he had found it.

"We'll go out at the hall-door," he whispered, pointing to it; "it is more handy, and I know the *fastenings*."

Stealing over the oil cloth, he gained it, undid the bolts, drew it cautiously open about an inch, and looked round. The men stood as he had left them; not one following him; and Beecher was putting the candle on a bracket that rested against the wall.

"I tell you what it is, Master Lester," whispered Drake, who appeared to be more ready with his tongue than the others, "we have helped you on to your ends, and you must help us on to ours; or if you won't help, you must wink at 'em. We come into this house with a resolve to pay ourselves, or we shouldn't have come in at all, and you may as well hear the truth, and make no bones over it. If we takes away but a spoon apiece, we will take it, for we don't go empty handed."

Wilfred Lester's reply was to raise his pistol and cock it. Not to fire upon them, but to coerce them to withdraw under fear that he would. Ben Beecher, believing life was in danger, stepped close and threw up Lester's arm. The pistol went off; the bullet shattering the glass of a door at the back of the hall.

"Fools!" bitterly exclaimed Wilfred Lester; "save yourselves, and be quick over it. Fools! fools!"

He sped through the hall-door, leaving it open for them to follow, and darted amidst the shrubs, on his right hand, whence he could readily gain the road by scaling the iron rails. Nicholson and Beecher would have escaped with him, but Drake seized hold of both.

"Don't show yourselves what he called you—fools," cried he, in a hoarse whisper. "We may get the forks yet; if they be sleeping sound, that shot mayn't have roused 'em. Wait and see: plenty of time to get off then."

But an interruption took place at that moment that they did not bargain for. The hall door was pushed wider, and in rushed a tall man; but that there was no crape on his face, they might have thought it young Lester come back again. He came close up to them, and they saw it was Lydney.

"You misguided, miserable men!" he uttered in agitation. "Where's Wilfred Lester?"

Before they could frame an answer—whether it would have been one of civility, repulsion, or attack—Nicholson's eyes caught sight of something white on the staircase, and a human face staring at them through the balustrades. It was in a crouching position, and might have been there sometime. The sound of the pistol had also done its work, doors were being opened and shut in consternation.

"It's all over!" stamped Drake. "A race for it now, boys."

"Wilfred Lester?" panted Lydney in emotion. "Is he in the house, or not?"

"Not. I swear it. I won't deceive you, Mr. Lydney; he escaped as you came in." It was Beecher who answered.

Now all this, since young Lester's egress, though it may seem to take time in telling, had really been the work of but a few instants, but the noise was already great; for the figure on the stairs, a female by her voice, began screaming and shrieking fearfully. The men rushed through the door; and Lydney rushed after them, in his pursuit of Wilfred Lester.

"What in the name of confusion is the matter?" was heard above the hubbub in the voice of Squire Lester, as he descended in pantaloons and slippers, while a crowd of timid ones aroused out of their sleep, ladies, domestics, children, cowered in the rear. And the female on the stairs, who was no other than Tiffie, sobbed out in answer,

"It's a crowd of villyans with blackened faces, broke in to murder us."

With all possible speed, Squire Lester and his men servants made search. But the "villyans" were gone.

Exceedingly surprised, not to say discomfited, was the great London detective, Mr. Blair, to find that while he had snugly made all preparations for the defence of the castle, that edifice had been left to repose in security, and the Hall had suffered the attack. Lord Dane was far more confounded to hear of it: for it sent all his calculations out to sea. What could Lydney want at the Hall? he could not expect to find his box there; and it was hardly to be supposed he broke in to steal Miss Lester. Nothing had been missed, nothing displaced in the house, Squire Lester testified that he did not believe a thing had been touched; therefore robbery had scarcely been the object. But of course the outrage must be investigated.

It is the custom in some parts of England for country magistrates to hold examinations of prisoners, when in a preliminary stage, at their own houses. Whether it be in strict accordance with law is another matter; country justices, especially in remote districts, pay more attention to [illegible]

—about eleven o'clock on Monday morning, there was a gathering at Squire Lester's, to inquire into the night's outrage. Lord Dane, Mr. Blair, a neighboring magistrate or two, and the squire himself were present; Lady Adelaide and Maria, the latter with a face of emotion, now crimson, now white; Inspector Young and a policeman; Mr. Apperly, who had been sent for; and—having obeyed the mandate to attend, half-request, half-command, borne from Mr. Lester by Inspector Young—William Lydney. That it was not a strictly official inquiry, only an irregular one, the reader will understand, by the ladies being present. There was no appearance of a court: they came in as morning guests might do, and took their seats anywhere; some stood. Maria held some embroidery in her hand and made a show of working at it; Lady Adelaide did nothing, save hold a screen between the fire and her delicate face. Mr. Blair appeared merely as a friend of Lord Dane's, he took no part in the proceedings, and his real character was unsuspected. The last to enter was Lydney, accompanied by Inspector Young: he looked exceedingly grave, not to say troubled, as he approached Mr. Lester, though as little like a housebreaker as it was possible to conceive. His elegant form, in its plain, gentlemanly morning costume, was drawn to its full height: it would seem that he might suspect the accusation to be made against him, and would not abate one jot of his dignity: very attractive did his high, pale features look that morning.

"I have been favored by a message from you, Mr. Lester, desiring my attendance here," he began, after saluting Lady Adelaide and Maria, and the rest of the company generally. "May I request to know for what purpose?"

"Yes, sir," dryly replied Mr. Lester. "You may be aware that my house was broken into early this morning. I am about—in conjunction with my Lord Dane, and some of my brother magistrates—to make some inquiry into it; and, from circumstances which have transpired, we deem it right that you should be present at the sitting. Are you ready to be so, of your own free will?"

"Perfectly ready," replied Mr. Lydney.

"Good," said the squire. "Otherwise we must have compelled your attendance."

Now it must be remembered that none, save those in the secret, knew of the suspected attack on Dane Castle. Mr. Lester and his brother magistrates were in ignorance of it: the police, receiving their orders from Mr. Blair, did not mention it; Mr. Blair forbidding it at the earnest request of Lord Dane. Certainly the preparations for defence, and the posting the police inside could have had nothing to do with the attack on the Hall. Lord Dane strongly urged on Mr. Blair that the three men, spoken of by Shad, should not be told upon, and he spoke with all the high authority vested in the county's lord lieutenant: to such authority the officer could do little else but bow. In the first place, urged Lord Dane, nobody was sure that they were the men, they had only the word of that little liar, Shad, for it; in the second place, even if they were the men, they had, beyond doubt, been beguiled by that traitor, Lydney, whom it would be much more in accordance with justice to punish for the whole. Thus it occurred that nothing was likely to transpire beyond the fact of the actual entrance into the Hall. Shad was not alluded to in the business, and the only person who appeared likely to give evidence was Tiffie.

Tiffie was introduced to the drawing-room, curtseying, ambling, and shuffling. Squire Lester desired her to speak out what she knew to Lord Dane and the magistrates.

"I retired to rist last night, my lord," began Tiffie, choosing to address his lordship particularly, "and what the reason was, I am inable to say, but the more I tried to get to sleep, the more pertineshously I lay awake. Well, my lord, it was getting on I'm sure for two o'clock, when I started up in bed, a thinking I heard something down stairs. The flurry it put me in is undescriptable, and I went out of my room to listen. If ever I heered voices in the hall, I heered 'em then: I thought some of the household had got down stairs at their pranks—for a tight hand I'm obligated to keep over the servants in this house—and I crept to the last flight and peeped through the bannisters. I never could have done it if I had known, but I no more thought of bulgarious robbers being in the Hall than—"

"What did you see or hear?" interposed Lord Dane.

"My lord, I saw this, I saw three horrid maranders with their faces blackened, and I saw another which I couldn't distinguish nothing of but his coat tails a whisking out at the hall door. Then, or whether it was just before it I can't be sure, a dreadful pistol went off, and I nearly fainted. I wouldn't faint, however; I come to; knowing the family's lives were at stake, and I looked down again, and there I saw the man whisk into the hall again, and I'm sorry to say"—Tiffie coughed and dropped her voice—"that it was Mr. Lydney."

There was a dead pause.

"What next?" said Lord Dane.

"My lord, nothing. Except that they all four, him, and the black bulgarians, talked together for a minute, and then they blew out the candle which had been flaring, level with their heads, and tore away, one trying to get off faster than another."

Mr. Lydney glanced round at Maria. She sat there with a white face, her hands clasped. He smiled at her; it did not look like the smile of a guilty man.

"You hear?" exclaimed Squire Lester.

"I do hear," replied Mr. Lydney.

"Can you offer any explanation?"

"I swear it was him," broke forth Tiffie. "If he denies it, he will commit perjury. I saw him as plain as I see him now. I didn't know the others, because their faces were deguised in black, but his was not."

"I did enter your house last night, Mr. Lester, but only once," he calmly said. "If a person was seen to, before I came to, your servant testifies, it was not myself."

Every soul present appeared struck with consternation at the boldness of the avowal. When the sensation had subsided, Lord Dane inquired haughtily if he could plead anything in justification.

"If you will allow me five minutes conversation with you in private, Mr. Lester," said Lydney, turning to that gentleman, "I will enter upon my justification. Probably you may deem it a satisfactory one."

Mr. Lester repulsed the request indignantly. He was not accustomed to grant private interviews to midnight burglars. Had Lydney anything to say, he must speak out.

"Then I have no resource but to be silent," observed Mr. Lydney, after a pause of thought. "Nevertheless I am innocent of any offence."

"You have called yourself a gentleman," cynically remarked Lord Dane. And Lydney took a step forward and threw his head back with dignity.

"I am at least as much of a gentleman as your lordship—in all points," was the firm answer. "Possibly, did we come to examine and compare rank and rights, I should take precedence of you."

The whole room (save one) resented the speech, and were ready to cudgel Lydney for the insult to my Lord Dane.

"Let it pass," said his lordship good naturedly: "I can afford it. Will you make out the warrant for his committal, Mr. Apperly?"

"For my committal!" interrupted Lydney, half angry, half inclined to laugh. "Committal where? and for what?"

"To the police station, for the present, while we look after your companions, and for the crime of breaking into Danesheld Hall," sharply spoke Squire Lester.

"This is beyond a joke," cried Lydney. "You cannot possibly suppose I broke into it, or was one of those who did?"

"Silence, sir," said Lord Dane. "The opportunity of explanation was offered you, and you declined to make use of it."

Lydney remained silent: not in obedience to his lordship, but for self-communing. The warrant for his committal was made out, and Inspector Young laid his hand upon him.

"You are my prisoner, William Lydney."

Then Mr. Lydney roused himself, and appeared as though he would have entered upon his justification; but, as he was turning to Mr. Lester, his eyes rested on Maria, and it seemed to change his intention. He hesitated, and finally remained silent.

"You need not touch me," he quietly said to Inspector Young, "I will yield to your authority. But do not treat me as if I were guilty."

The audience was broken up, and the room rose. In the confusion, William Lydney found himself near Miss Lester. There was a whole world of sincerity, of truth, in his smile of tenderness.

"Appearances are dark just now, Maria," he whispered. "Can you trust me still?"

"I trust you more than ever, William. I will trust you through all," she answered fervently.

"It shall be well repaid, my darling." And Inspector Young called him, and marshalled him forth, an ignominious prisoner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Saturday, 3 P. M.—A letter from Rome says that the Piedmontese lancers galloped close to the gates of Rome in the chase of the Pontifical gens d'armes.

NAPLES.—Bertani, late secretary general of the Dictator, writes to contradict the statement that he had given orders to oppose by force the entry of the Piedmontese troops into the Neapolitan territory. He also states that neither himself nor Garibaldi ever thought of counselling the immediate occupation of Rome, at the risk of a conflict with France.

HUNGARY.—In the Synod recently held at Graw, the Cardinal Primate declared that he had no objection to the clergy wearing a national Hungarian costume.

SYRIA.—Paris, Saturday, A. M.—The Moniteur says: The affairs of Syria have entered a new phase. Military action will now be exercised by our troops. Some other chiefs have been arrested and tried at Beyrout.

The Calmakaw of Druses is now among the prisoners. These measures have produced a kind of panic among the Druses of the mountains, and their attitude is more undecided. Measures have been taken for the protection of the French manufacturers.

ITALY.—The report that Ancona had capitulated has been confirmed.

The Sardinian Chambers passed a resolution authorizing the King to annex to Sardinia those provinces of Central and Southern Italy in which the population, by a direct universal suffrage vote, decide to become an integral part of the Sardinian Constitutional monarchy.

The Sardinian army had not yet entered the Neapolitan territory, but Garibaldi announces that their headquarters will soon be located at Aguilla, and that the King will command his army in person.

The forts of Pescara and Agusta, in Sicily, have been surrendered. Messina still holds out.

The only provinces left to the Papal Government are Civita Vecchia, Frosinone, and Valletria.

There have been some modifications in Garibaldi's ministry to meet the views of the Neapolitans. Bertani has been dismissed.

A better feeling now exists between Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.

A new manifesto has been issued by Mazzini, declaring that no king of Italy shall be proclaimed until the Kingdom of Italy is organized at Rome.

Garibaldi has granted pensions to the mother and sisters of Agesilas Milano, who attempted to assassinate the King of Naples.

The details of the conflict at Capua, in which the patriots were defeated, state that the English and Hungarian brigade was badly cut up.

The portfolio of Lamoriciere has fallen into the hands of Gen. Fanti. It contains letters of the most compromising character, and the most positive proofs of numerous intrigues entered into with the Legitimist and even the Red Republican party against the government of Napoleon.

CONDITION OF VENICE.—A correspondent of the London Times writes from Vienna, Sept. 29:

"The political excitement in Venice is very great, and the inhabitants of the city appear to be ripe for mischief. They scoff at the troops and German residents, and insult the government whenever they think they can do so with impunity. During the night of the 21st the Imperial arms were [illegible] and so abominably bedaubed that they were untouchable. Many Frenchmen have recently arrived at Venice, and on the 21st one of them, an engineer, was arrested while making a sketch of a fort. It is whispered that very important discoveries have recently been made by the imperial authorities in Venetia. The whole affair is kept very secret, but it is believed that the government has in its hands proofs that there has long been a direct and constant correspondence between the Garibaldians, Venetians and Hungarians. Several persons have recently been arrested at Gorice and Udine, and sent to fortresses in the interior of the empire."

☞ Don't go to see the Mammoth Cave; thousands have visited it and pronounced it nothing but a great *cell*.

Oh! Woman and Poetry, each is a treasure,
A mine of delight that enriches life's span;
The first is a minist'ring angel of pleasure,
While the gift of the next makes an angel of man!

☞ AN EGYPTIAN DAINTY.—I never tasted a better turkey than he gave us, and, upon complimenting him on its great delicacy, I learned from him the Egyptian secret of rendering the flesh particularly tender. Half an hour before the bird is killed, a glass of brandy is poured down its throat, which produces intoxication, and the flesh of the tipsy turkey acquires a tenderness superior to that which is produced even by long keeping.—*Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage.*

☞ When was philosophy ever a match for beauty? Auguste Compte, a great French savan, when he wrote his famous "Positive Philosophy," left out all allusion to sentiment and religion—because, he said, they were purely imaginary. By-and-by, he fell in love, and acknowledged there was such a thing as "sentiment;" afterwards his lady-love died, and he then took to religion for consolation. So much for *positive* philosophy.

☞ Marshal Vaillant has sent to the French Academy an account of the insect which amuses itself by boring holes in leaden balls.

☞ You may make your affections too cheap, or too dear, in dealing with your children or your friends. If too cheap, none of them will value them—if too dear, all will despair of securing them. Affections are so many moral objects, to be accorded to justice, not to favor, and never to be withheld when due, nor bestowed when undeserved.—*Simms.*

☞ A young man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home. His body was found next morning—in bed.

☞ The New York Churchman says:—"We may mention as an interesting fact that the choir of Trinity made its first appearance in surplices on Sunday last."

☞ It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which gives value to reputation.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BOSTON.

His reception in the Old Bay State, was something between his Philadelphia and New York affairs—neither as quiet as the former nor as ostentatiously demonstrative as the latter. The military escorted him to Boston, and under the care of Governor Banks, he has been dined and danced, and taken to see the public libraries, Bunker Hill Monument, the Common, and the other institutions of Boston. The following ode, or welcome, was sung to him at Concert Hall, by 1,200 children. The ode is by Dr. Holmes, (not Longfellow, as reported):—

God bless our Father's Land,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her Realms descend,
Protect her throne!

Father, with loving care
Guard thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea,
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All Hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!

THE Magnetic Telegraph Company of Great Britain are now issuing small adhesive stamps for franking messages throughout their lines in the United Kingdom. The principle is precisely similar to the postage stamp system. A message can be written wherever convenient, and, after affixing the necessary stamp, it can be sent either by post or messenger to the nearest magnetic telegraphic station, and thence forwarded to its destination. There is said to be a liberal discount on these stamps, in order to assist in bringing them into general use. The multiplicity of the American telegraph companies will interpose a serious obstacle to the imitation of this convenient plan in this country, yet it seems as if a conventional tariff might be arranged for an effort of the kind.

OBJECTIONS TO A LARGE SALARY.—Ministers in our day rarely object to an increase of salary, but we find in an exchange a capital story of an old Connecticut pastor, who declined it for very substantial reasons.

His country parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good man objected, for three reasons:

"First," said he, "you can't afford to give more than three hundred.

"Second, because my preaching isn't worth more than that.

"Third, because I have to collect my salary, which, heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred, it will kill me."

CRINOLINE DONE FOR.—As Paris gives the fashions to every place boasting of high civilization, it is fair to presume that the days of crinoline are numbered. A new style of skirt is meeting with great favor there, as it supports the dress without whalebone or steel, relying for this purpose merely on the harmonious and skillful disposition of the plaited muslin of which it is composed. The multiplied skirt, or *jupon multiple*, as it is called, supports a series of volants, tapered and grouped like a fan, which are moved at will by means of metallic eyelets. For travelling it is quite agreeable, as it occupies little space. What a boon in a crowded horse-car!

☞ Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and, at the same time, cuts the sinews of the wrists.

☞ Here is a *very good* domestic toast:—"May your coffee and the slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

☞ Next to twenty-four grains, there is nothing like a mean man's pocket to make a penny wait.

☞ A LUXURIOUS BATH.—Soaking the body in broth, made by boiling mutton bones, with a slight addition of calcined potash, is said to be so nourishing, that patients bathing daily, and taking only a few teaspoonsful of tea and a tablespoonful of tonic syrup, have gained fifteen pounds in as many weeks by absorption!

☞ An anxious mother in Scotland was taking leave of her son on his departure for England, and giving him all good advice. "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang south, and get all the siller ye can from the Southerns—tak everything ye can; but, the English are a brave boxin' people, an' tak care o' them, Sandy; never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

☞ How many are aware of the origin of the word "boo!" used to frighten children? It is a corruption of Bob, the name of a fierce Gothic general, the son of Odin, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

☞ A lady, visiting Newport, speaks of the little curs which infest great houses, in this wise: "We surrender our heels to the barking and biting of their dear little dog, a *imp of oakum with a devil in it.*"

☞ "Have you anything else old?" said an English lady at Rome, to a boy, of whom she had bought some antiques. "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "*my hat is old.*" The lady rewarded his wit.

☞ The richest man in Great Britain is the Marquis of Westminster, whose *annual income* is about $7,000,000—as much as the whole estate probably of Mr. Astor, the New York millionaire.

☞ The two most famous instances of telegraphic wit are Lord Clyde's dispatch after his successful siege, "I am in *luck, now,*" (Lucknow) and Sir Charles Napier's dispatch of Peccavi, "*I have sinned.*" (Scinde.)

☞ In some of the English churches, gutta percha tubes have been fitted up from the pulpit and reading desk to pews occupied by people afflicted with deafness; and, notwithstanding they may sit upwards of thirty feet from the pulpit, they can hear every word perfectly.

☞ According to the experiments of Dr. Hutton, the flight of a cannon ball was 6,700 feet in one quarter of a minute, equal to five miles per minute, or 300 miles per hour. It follows, therefore, that a railroad train, going at the rate of 75 miles per hour, has the velocity of one-fourth that of a cannon ball.

☞ "You have a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE CRYSTAL HILLS.—The White Mountains are covered with snow, and in the clear sunlight of these October days present a beautiful appearance. When seen at this season, robed in their white winter dress, we realize the fitness of the name by which they were known to the early English voyagers, as they are, indeed, "Crystal Hills."

WARM TIMES IN FLORIDA.—In Calhoun county, Florida, on the 25th ult., the "Regulators" killed Jesse Durden, Willis Musgrove, and Larkin C. Musgrove. The first brigade of Florida militia has been called out to operate against them. Judge Finley, of the United States District Court of western Florida, has declared the country to be in a "state of insurrectionary war," and the United States marshals were summoning forces to aid the militia.

THE Emperor of China is represented to be in a state of drunken, helpless imbecility. The chief censor, an officer whose duty it is to rebuke the faults of the highest Chinese officials, protested some months ago against the conduct of the Emperor, against his drunkenness and dissipation, his attachment to actors, and love of low society. This reproof of his majesty was published in the Pekin Gazette, and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the empire.

MARRIAGE ON A DEATH BED.—In Mannington, Salem county, N. J., on Friday, Sept. 28th, Mr. Edward S. Tatem was married to a Miss Jones, at half-past three o'clock in the morning. Miss Jones was on her death bed, and wanted to be married. Mr. Tatem accordingly was sent for, and the ceremony was performed during the silent hours of the night. Mrs. Tatem then expressed herself perfectly happy, and died at noon the same day.

TACUBA is to be a new cemetery at Havana, with a superb arch at the entrance. It is purposed to place the venerated remains of Columbus within the arch, in an urn, with a silver cover, upon which will be inscribed in letters of gold the results of his successful enterprise. A bronze statue of Columbus is to be erected near by.

IN Germany they go a little ahead of our Yankee colleges in the business of conferring degrees. It has recently been discovered that the "University of Giessen," which did a large business in conferring degrees at £30 each, consists of a barn, and a number of clerks employed chiefly in writing out diplomas for Englishmen!

MR. ABODIE, a French traveller, declares the complexion of the human race to be so entirely dependent on the mode of nourishment, that he has beheld, in Nubia, whole races of negroes who, from the entire use of animal food, present as fine a carnation as the inhabitants of Southern Europe. In Algeria it has long been the subject of remark that the butchers, generally negroes of Kalu, are as fair in complexion as the European settlers, although still preserving their woolly hair.

THE idea of installing the Pope in Jerusalem has been broached by the French press. They say that it is no further from Jerusalem to Jaffa than from Rome to its sea-port, Civita Vecchia; a railroad would place Jerusalem within one hour of the Mediterranean, and it would be very nearly as convenient for the Catholic world as Rome is now. It would add, also, very much to the advance of Christianity in the East. The French army in Syria can easily take possession of Palestine if the Sultan dare refuse a demand for it: in fact, they say it would be the easiest way to settle the Roman question.

Miss Carrie Williams, *a young lady of New Hampshire, has been astonishing the people of her native section, by riding sixty-five* miles in a day, and after resting a day between, repeating the performance on the third. Pretty fair, for the occupant of a side-saddle!

ROYALTY still clings to the stage. Prince Ernest of Wurtemburg has just been married to a celebrated German singer, named Natalie Frasini, the daughter of the director of the music at the Cassel theatre.

A POWERFUL MEMORY.—There is said to be living in Cincinnati a man who is possessed of such a powerful memory, that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."

A FEMALE pickpocket was arrested in a church in Seville for robbing a lady who was praying beside her. The lady at first could not believe her guilty, for her hands were crossed in devotion all the time: but the police discovered that the pickpocket had a pair of false arms crossed on her breast, while the real members were used for "explorations" in neighboring pockets.

FREAKS OF THE TELEGRAPH.—Not long since a gentleman telegraphed to a friend in New Haven an interesting family affair as follows:—"Betsy and little one doing well." The telegram reached its destination, when it read thus:—"Betsy and litter all doing well." The recipient telegraphed back the following startling query:—"For Heaven's sake, how many?"

AN editor of a religious paper, noting the increase of ministers in Philadelphia, wrote: "The towers are now supplied with watchmen." When a compositor had put it *in print*, it read; to the astonishment of the writer:—"The towns are now supplied with Dutchmen."

LARGE YIELD OF WINE.—The Washington (Mo.) Advertiser says that George Weisner, of that place, from the one-fifteenth of an acre made 153 gallons of wine, worth $310, or $2 per gallon.

THE commissioners appointed under a law of the Virginia Legislature to procure arms for the better defence of the State, have been in correspondence with the manufacturers of the Enfield rifle, in England, and been offered 5,000 of that arm at a price near sixty-five shillings, British, or about $10 for each piece. They have written to say that they will take 2,500 at that price.

THE CROPS ABROAD.—Almost all over Europe the pitiless shower seems to have been descending. In the wine districts of France they are debating, not whether the wine will be worth anything this year, but whether the grapes will be worth the trouble of gathering them. In England, the fate of the hop is settled; the bitter of the beer must come either from abroad or illegally from the druggists at home. The prospects of the winter are, on several accounts, far from cheering.

FAIR WAGES.—At Raw Hide Ranche, near Jamestown, Tuolumne county, Cal., a Mr. Willis discovered, recently, a quartz lead of fabulous richness. He bought the claim for $60, and struck the lead after a few hours' work. On testing the quartz, it proved nearly half gold. In one week he took out $40,000. He expected to have between $80,000 and $100,000 at the expiration of three days.

EDWARD MORCAVE, the English sailor, who threatened to assassinate the Prince of Wales in New York, died a few days after, at the Bellevue Hospital, whither he had been sent while in a state of intoxication. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from *delirium tremens*.

BLONDIN has finally determined to keep on doing wonderful feats until he breaks his neck. His last performance was walking on stilts over a rope stretched between two points elevated 200 feet above the ground. The distance travelled was about 1,200 feet, the time consumed in making the journey was precisely 19 minutes.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.—Myers, the Houston deer-hunter, says he has killed 6,000 deer in the last nine years, on the Houston (Texas) Prairies.

NIPHON, the name given by the Japanese to their country, means "the rising of the sun." They know nothing of the word Japan, and do not use it. They call their country Niphon because it is the most easterly point of Asia.

THE Countess La Torre is a lady so devoted to Garibaldi and his cause, that she follows the Dictator wherever he goes. At Caserta she wore a sort of bloomer dress, pantaloons, a man's hat with red feather, and high boots. For arms she carried a revolver and a sabre, both of which she can use with deadly skill.

A LITTLE boy fell into the river at Greenfield, a few days since, barely escaping drowning. When asked by his mother what he was thinking about while in the water, he said he thought to "furnish an item for the newspapers."

THE excitement in Princess Anne and Norfolk counties, Va., growing out of the late alleged insurrectionary plot, is subsiding.—Dick Ryan, the suspected leader, has been arrested, together with eighteen or twenty other slaves, and a white man is said to be implicated in the manufacture of pikes for the slaves.

LARGE FAITH.—A little fellow, eight years old, who was without a relative in the whole world, was asked by a lady if he did not have fears as to whether he would get along in life. The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't *you* think God will take care of a feller, if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"

HOW THE ROYAL PARTY ROLL TEN-PINS.—The royal party roll very badly. Any of our New Yorkers could beat the whole string, and not half try. A "ten strike" is a matter of congratulation with the whole party, all clapping their hands, and saying "good." Elliot, rolling a slow, large ball, makes the most hits. St. Germans rolls with a theatrical air, remaining in position till his ball stops, or is stopped by the boys, the latter happening more frequently. Newcastle's balls are like himself, slow and strong, sure to do execution somewhere, either among the pins or the boys. Teasdale not only takes off his coat like the rest, but bares his arm, but don't hit the pins any the better for this display of muscle. Dr. Ackland says that he rolls for exercise, and it is likely that he does, for he certainly don't roll to hit or to win. The Prince takes the small, or pony balls, and misses very accurately, generally landing his ball in one of the gutters upon either side of the alley, or in the stomach of the small boy who sets up the pins which happen to topple over. All of the party smoke during the performance, and last evening any number of sherry cobblers were ordered up and consumed, sticks of maccaroni being substituted for straws. Perhaps this latter part of the programme is the real attraction after all, for sherry cobblers are great favorites with all the strangers who visit the States. The royal party remained in the alley until after twelve, and this was the only ball they attended.—*New York Paper.*

WANT IN KANSAS.—Mr. Hyatt writes to President Buchanan, asking for the putting off the land sales in Kansas, as follows:—"Thousands of once thrifty and prosperous American citizens are now perishing of want. Winter is upon them; of clothing they are nearly bereft; food they have not to last them through the cold season that is approaching. Of over a hundred thousand people upon Kansas soil six months ago, at least one-fourth or one-third have left; of the remainder it is safe to say that forty thousand at this moment see nothing but exodus or starvation at the end of the sixty days now just before them; from ten to twenty thousand look with only despairing eyes upon November; thousands cannot subsist a month longer unaided; other thousands are living upon the little which their neighbors deprive themselves of to give to them—neighbors equally unfortunate, and with whom the starvation is merely a question of but a few days longer; while still other thousands, if not at once relieved, must perish from hunger, or the diseases that follow in its train. Some have already died, others are daily dying; while the hours grow darker, and the days wax longer, for the living to whom relief comes not, and whose eyes are aching with watchings for the succor that delays."

A WOMAN OF SPIRIT.—A gentleman at the south part of the city, married some few months since an amiable and accomplished young lady. He had been married but a few weeks before his sulky, fault-finding and jealous temper began to show itself, making every one about him most unhappy for several days at a time by ill-nature. During one of these fits, he retired one night and locked his wife out of the chamber. She entreated to be let in, and used all the persuasion she was mistress of, for an hour or more. Vexed at last beyond her self-control, by his unmanly conduct, she went to the cellar, brought up the family axe, dashed in one of the panels of the door and putting her pretty head through, calmly asked him whether he would "unlock the door, or make her come in this way?" His astonishment at the spirit shown by his usually mild and submissive wife induced him to comply at once. So ended that sulky fit. The carpenter's bill for repairs was paid without a grimace, and he behaved for a little while as a husband ought.—*Boston Herald.*

WHAT FEARS HAUNT AN AUTOCRAT.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times alludes to the constant fear of his life in which the Emperor of the French lives, of the Carbonari. During his late trip to his new dominions, every care was taken to get suspicious characters out of the way. One very curious means of insuring his safety was resorted to; it was that of forcing the owners of houses within a certain distance of the imperial residence to give up the keys of their cellar to the police. These individuals were forced, during the whole visit and for some days before, to ask for their keys every time they needed a bottle of wine; and on such occasions a policeman was sent with them to fetch it. A certain house in the Place Victoire, in Nice, was emptied of all its inhabitants, whilst the imperial visit lasted, nobody knew for precisely what reason; but the proprietors, for vacating it, received from the authorities the sum of 60,000 francs; the house, it is supposed, having been in some way useful to the police.

MURDERERS BUT NOT THIEVES.—A Naples letter has the following curious narration:—The 1,500 convicts at Castellamare taking advantage of the absence of the military, requested their liberty for one day. The officials, as you may well suppose, received this singular application with all sorts of restrictions; but, having no means of resisting the somewhat threatening supplications of the applicants, they hit upon the expedient of requiring each of them to give "his word of honor" that he would return at night. Wonderful to relate, the convicts faithfully kept their word, and every one returned, without having done injury. A gentleman residing in the neighborhood, having some doubts as to the honorable intentions of the worthies, ordered his gardener to keep the gates closed and to be on his guard. "It is altogether unnecessary, sir," said the man, "the convicts of Castellamare are murderers, but not thieves!" A flattering distinction, certainly.

☞ The New York News calls the great West, the "bread basket" of the world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has ruled inactive this week; but the high prices realized for Wheat, with the upward tendency in all the neighboring markets, has induced holders to advance their pretensions 12½@25c ₱ bbl since the close of the week. The demand, however, both for shipment and home use, has since been very moderate, and the market rather dull, sales reaching about 10,000 bbls, in lots, at $5,75 @5,87½ for standard and good superfine—the latter rate is now refused by most holders for good straight lots; $5,75@6 for extra, and $6,25 @6,37½ for extra family, including 2,000 bbls of the latter, choice Western, on terms kept private; 300 bbls Brandywine, also private, and 400 bbls fine middlings at $4 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is steady, with further small receipts, and sales at $4,12½@ 4,25 ₱ bbl, mostly at the latter price. Corn Meal is steady, with further sales of 600@700 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,50, and 500 bbls Brandywine at $3,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off, and with a fair demand for shipment, prices are 5@7c better than last week. About 45,000 bushels have been disposed of at from 125c for inferior, up to 138@142c for good to choice Reds, the latter for Delaware afloat, and from 135 to 153@156c for common to good and choice White, including handsome Kentucky, in small lots, at the highest figures. Rye is dull, and selling slowly, at 77@80c for Pennsylvania, and 75@77c for Delaware. Corn has been in moderate request, and some 30,000 bushels Yellow found buyers at 70@72c for inferior, and 73@73½c for good and prime lots, the latter afloat, including White, on terms kept private, and some small lots of new Yellow in good order, the first of the season, at 67@68c. Oats are rather lower, and about 20,000 bushels, mostly Southern, sold at 34½@36c, closing at 35@35½c, afloat. Some Pennsylvania sold at 36@37c in store. Barley is inactive, prices ranging at 85@90c. Of Barley Malt, sales are reported at 85@97c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in bbld Meats. Mess Pork is taken, as wanted, at $19,50@20, and city Mess Beef at $12@14 ₱ bbl, as to brand. Bacon sells slowly at 11½@11¾c for Sides, 9½@9¾c for Shoulders, and 13@14c for plain and fancy Hams. Of green Meats there is little or no stock here, and we hear of no sales. Lard is steady at 13c for bbls and tcs, and 13½c for kegs, and but little doing. The stock is light. Butter continues dull at 10@11c for solid and 12 @13c for roll. Cheese is firm at 10½@11c ₱ ℔ for New York, and Eggs at 16@17c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market opened firmer but not very active. The week's sales reach about 1900 bales at from 9 up to 10½@18½c for inferior to ordinary middling, and middling fair quality Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time; the bulk of the sales were of the former description, and the market closed ⅛c better.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce and on the advance, some 75 hhds, all offered, having been disposed of at $27,50@28 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX continues in steady demand, with small sales of good yellow to notice at 34@35c ₱ ℔, mostly at the former rate.

COAL—Prices are steady and firm, with a fair business doing for the season, both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, but the want of stock in first hands has limited the week's operations to some 1200 bags, chiefly Rio, part from another market at 14½@15c, on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, and Sheathing is held at 27c, usual terms. Of Yellow Metal, further sales are making at 19½c ₱ ℔, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are arriving and selling slowly at 48@50c ₱ ℔, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT is plenty and dull, green Apples selling at $1½@2½ ₱ bbl. Dried Apples move off slowly at 3½@4½c, unpared Peaches at 6@8c, pared do at 10@12c ₱ ℔, and Cranberries at $9@15 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The firmness of holders limits operations, and a few small sales only are reported at fully former rates. Of Slaughter sales are making at 8@10c ₱ ℔, as in quality.

HOPS are firm at the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 30@ 35c ₱ ℔.

IRON—There is very little movement in Pig Metal, and the sales are mostly in lots from store at $23½@23 for Anthracite No 1; $21½@22 for No 2; and $19@21 for No 3 on time. Scotch Pig continues dull, and the sales limited at about previous rates. Blooms and Boiler Plates move off slowly at quotations; a sales of the former was made at $90, on time. Bars and Rails are quiet, and prices the same.

LEAD is firm and the stock light; the only sale we hear of is 1400 pigs Galena, at equal to $5,75 ₱ 100 ℔s, delivered here.

LEATHER—The market is firm, with a light stock of heavy sole and slaughter to operate in, and prices are fully sustained and firm; common stock, however, is plenty and rather dull.

LUMBER—Business is about as active as usual at this season, and prices without any quotable change; White Pine selling at $14@17, Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10 @10½. Several cargoes of Laths sold at $1,75@ 1,80 ₱ M, and pickets at $6@7, as to size; Cypress Shingles are selling in lots at $13@14 for 2 feet, and $20@21 for long do.

MOLASSES—The market is without any material change.

PLASTER—We quote Soft at $2,70@2,75, and White at $4 ₱ ton, and the latter scarce.

RICE comes in slowly, and small sales are making at 4½@5c ₱ ℔, usual terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes in slowly, and all offered, some 1200 bus, found ready sale at $5,50@ 5,75 for old, and $5,75@6,12½ for new crop; the bulk of the sales were at $6 ₱ bus. Of Timothy about 1500 bus have been disposed of at $2,75@ 2,87½ ₱ bus. Flaxseed is selling at 1,62@1,63 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firmer, but very inactive, and a small business doing in the way of sales. No change in Gin or Rum. Whiskey is better; Penna bbls selling rather freely at 22½@ 23c; Western do at 23@24c, the latter for very choice pkgs; 21½@22c for Drudge, and 22½c for hhds, closing at 23½c for Ohio.

SUGARS—There has been more activity in the market, and prices are fully ⅛c better, with sales of some 1600 hhds, mostly Cubas, taken for refining, at from 6¾ to 7¼c, including some lots sold to the trade at 7¼@8⅛c, the latter for very prime quality, all on the usual credit. About 1500 boxes also sold at 6¼@7⅛c, on time.

TALLOW is moving off as wanted at 9½c for country, and 10¼@10½c for city rendered.

TOBACCO is unchanged, with about the usual business to note in Leaf and manufactured.

WOOL—The market for this staple continues inactive and prices without any quotable change; about 150,000 ℔s have been disposed of, mostly at from 45 to 55c for medium to fine fleece, the latter for full blood.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2396 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 9,50 ₱ cwt. Sheep—6400 head of inferior quality being sold at from 3 to 9c ₱ ℔, dressed, and from 4½c to 5c live weight. Hogs—3405 head were sold at from 7¾ to 8¾c for still fed, and from 8 to 9c ₱ ℔, net, for corn fed.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 20.—FLOUR dull and easier; sales of 9000 bbls at $5,35@5,37 for State; $5,80@5,95 for Ohio; and $5,85@6,00 for Southern. Wheat is dull and easier; sales of 25,000 bus at $1,28 for Milwaukee Club; $1,50 for white Western. Corn quiet but heavy; the sales are limited. Whiskey dull at 24 @24½c.

"THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE" is, in the world's history marked, alike for its enterprise, energy, intelligence, and liberality. A striking characteristic, beautifully and profitably illustrative of the fact, is, the new system of doing business, inaugurated by GRANVILLE STOKES, the celebrated tailor, 607 Chestnut St., whose superb stock of Clothing is legibly marked with *One Price*, from which there is no deviation; and in order to still greater increase his sales, he presents a gold watch or some other article of real use and intrinsic value with each article sold. His cutters are the most skillful, and his clothing the best gotten up in the city.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In St. Bartholomew's Church, Philada. on Monday morning, Oct. 8th, 1860, by the Rev. G. W. Fiske, of the diocese of Maryland, JAMES YOUNG HUMPHREY, of the firm of Horning & Humphrey, to Miss MIRAM, youngest daughter of the late John Fiske, Esq. and grand-daughter of the late Dr. Jos. Fiske.

On Tuesday, A. M., Oct. 16, at St. Luke's Church, Newtown, Bucks co., by the Rev. Wm. HOFFMANN, Rector, (assisted by the Rev. Jos. J. Elsegood, of Easton, Pa.) Mr. THOS. P. CHAMBERS, to Miss HANNAH H. daughter of J. H. Barnsley, Esq. all of Newtown.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN H. EVANS, to Miss MARY E. CLEMENS, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the same, Mr. JOHN FELL, to Miss SARAH E. GROSS, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the same, Mr. MATHEW L. EVERET, of Pittstown, Pa. to Miss MARY E. TILLINHAST, of Exeter, Pa.

On the 11th instant, at the residence of William W. Griscom, near Woodbury, N. J. according to the order of the Society of Friends, CLEMENT M. BIDDLE, of this city, to LYDIA, daughter of the late Jas. Cooper, of Woodbury.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jos. A. Leisa, STEPHEN G. COLLINS, of Haddonfield, N. J. to ADELAIDE A. daughter of G. Frederic Knorr, of this city.

On the 11th of Oct. by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. JACOB C. BRIGHAM, to Miss EMMA, daughter of Washington Vallette, both of this city.

In Boston, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Collon, Capt. HENRY S. ETTINGE, to MARTHA, daughter of the late J. McClure, Esq. both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 11th, by the Rev. R. A. Carden, Mr. ELI HARTLEY, to Miss MARY E. DILLMAN, daughter of the late C. Dillman, Esq. both of this city.

May 16th, 1860, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM SLEEPER, to Miss ARLINA C. MANGER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 15th instant, Mrs. ROBT. BRUST, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in her 70th year.

On the 15th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Henderson, in her 37th year.

On the 13th instant, JANE, wife of John Hewlett, in her 30th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. HANNAH ROBINSON, in her 76th year, a native of Leicestershire, England.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. REBECCA RUSSELL, aged 59 years.

On the 15th instant, J. GIFFORD JOHNSON, in his 48th year.

On the 16th of Oct. Mrs. MARGARET DEWEES, wife of Wm. Jones, in her 60th year.

On the 13th instant, MARY, wife of Charles F. Jones, in her 44th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct, 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 per ct, old	102	102½
" " new	100½	100¾
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 per ct,	75	—
" " coupon	69	—
Allg'y City 6 per ct,	65	75
" County	69	75
Penn 6 per ct,	102	—
" 5 "	97	97½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 per ct,	—	104½
Missouri "	82½	—
Ohio " 1836	103½	—
N Carolina 6 per ct,	98½	99¾
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 per ct	92	—
Cal State 7 per ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	—
Philadelphia	—	124
Far & Mec	58	—
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	27½	—
Southwark	50	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	49½	50
Western	66	—
Am & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	10
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45¾	—
Consolidation	95½	—
Commonwealth	57	62
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Germantown	50	—
Citizens', Pitt'g	78	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	123	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash., Tenn	88½	95
Planters "	103	—
NO Gas Light	—	—
Ches & R R Bank, Virginia	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	14	25
Lehigh Zinc	1	—
New Creek	—	1
New Granada	—	—
America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	50½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	49½
Bonds	92	94

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	103	—
2nd "	93	96
stock	42	42½
Cam & Amboy 6 per ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	—	137
Reading R R 6 per ct bonds, '70	88	88
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '58	78½	—
stock	22½	23
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 per ct	94	95
stock	—	60
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 per ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R '73	43	47
Tioga R R '75	—	95
Williams & Elmira 1st let mort	73½	75
2nd "	10	—
stock	2	2½
Catawissa	11	1
Denver Meadow stock	65½	—
preferred 10 per ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	10	10½
6 per ct loan	74½	75
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49½	50
6 per ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	62½	64
Har & Lan R R stock	83	84
bonds '73	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	18	—
Long Island R R stock	13½	—
bonds	85	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 per ct loan, '82	75½	75½
imp. 6 per ct	80	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	24	24½
Lehigh Nav stock	—	56
mort 6 per ct	100½	—
scrip	41½	42
Morris Consol'd	—	64½
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del	48	—
bonds	73	—
Union	1	—
bonds	18	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1877	57	58

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 20, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore par to ½ dis
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks 1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1 dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solv bks 1 dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 dis
INDIANA.
State Bank 1 dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks 2 dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 1½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston — dis
IOWA.
State bk 1½ dis
KANSAS.
Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
MINNESOTA.
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CANADA.
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100,000 FOR 1861.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1861.

VOLUMES XVII. AND XVIII.
EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness.

So well known is the HOME MAGAZINE in all parts of the United States, and the Canadas, that we are scarcely required in the announcement for 1861, to speak of its peculiar characteristics. All that its name implies, the editors have sought to make it. The *reading quality* of the work has ever been the first consideration; and the publishers have noted, with pleasure, the unvarying testimony received, year after year, from thousands of sources, to its superiority in this respect.

Our purpose has been to give a magazine that should unite the attractions of *choice and elegant literature with high moral aims*, and teach useful lessons to men, women and children, in all degrees of life; a magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to his sister, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that, in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

Still more eminently will this feature of excellence, interest and usefulness in the reading matter of the Home Magazine be regarded in the future volumes. Our work is for homes; and we seek to make homes happier.

In the January number will be commenced a *new story*, entitled—

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BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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A MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT,
A TOILET AND WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT,
A BOY'S AND GIRL'S TREASURY,
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ETC., ETC., ETC.

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THE LANDLORD WHO COULDN'T KEEP PEOPLE ALL NIGHT.

A certain distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, when he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one, he cried out:

"Who are you there?"

"Burder, and Yancey, and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you that far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning."

"Oh, yes, gentlemen, I can do that!"

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder, then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible, for night was nigh unto two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied, by chance, the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning, the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and *tired of life; give me 500 francs, or* I will *instantly blow out my brains*, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike," awaking, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol levelled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brains!"

"Well, then, blow an' be darn'd!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you vill be arrested for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and, at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "hose-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what may suit one person will not answer at all for another.

PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED.—At a public dinner in the country, a farmer, while relating something to the company about two Chinese women, said: "I declare they were the ugliest women I have seen anywhere." There happening to be two maiden ladies present of no remarkable beauty, the farmer, who was a little misty, began to think he had made a mess of it, and that they would imagine he was alluding to them; so to put matters straight (as he thought) he added, "the present company excepted." Roars of laughter ensued, and in a few minutes both farmer and ladies had vanished.

ALL THE SAME.—It is related as an actual fact, that a countryman, having a desire to present his wife with a sewing-machine, purchased what he supposed to be a very handsome article, and after it was boxed up, took it home with him. When his wife unpacked it, to her horror she beheld one of the dry goods box pattern of washing machines. "Why, what a fool you are, Bill!" she exclaimed, half angrily. "Sho!" retorted the innocent Bill. "Sho! Where's the odds whether it sews or washes, so long as it goes with a crank!"

HUMAN WEEDS.

What use is an unmarried man to the State,
Who lives for himself and his pleasure alone,
And cares not that nature designed he should mate,
And help on the world's good as well as his own?

Such "things" do but vegetate, eat, drink and sleep,
As men they are useless—their life but a cheat;
Not so good as a cabbage, still less than a sheep—
For the first has some heart, and the next is good meat.

A BAD BARGAIN.—Just before the last election in the State of Wisconsin, it happened that one Col. Wilson—a good Democrat, a farmer, and a candidate for the legislature—had lost a number of his hogs very mysteriously; and, after patiently investigating the matter, he at length discovered that they had been stolen by another Democrat—one Joe Jones, a fellow of some notoriety and a little political influence in the neighborhood. The colonel thought the matter over, and then went to see Joe upon the subject.

"Now, Joe," said he, "I could have you indicted and put in prison for this; but, seeing as how you are a good Democrat, and for the success of the ticket, and harmony in the party, if you promise you won't steal any more of my hogs I'll let you off—and what's more, I'll give you a thousand pounds of pork every year."

Joe scratched his head reflectively for a moment, and then said:

"To tell you the truth, colonel, I don't like to make that agreement, nohow; but, seeing we are both Democrats, and for the sake of the success of the ticket, and harmony in the party, I'll do it; but, darn me if I won't lose hog's meat by the operation."

"PULVERIZED POTATO."—One of your foppishly-got-up exquisites, with small cane, eye glass, &c., &c., registered his name at the Union House, a few days since, for dinner. His fastidiousness caused much merriment to those who sat near him at the table, and he was pretty well observed by all. Matters reached a climax when the "fellah" called to a waitress, and slowly taking in her features by the aid of his pretty one-eyed spectacle, drawled out: "I say, waitaw, have you any more pulverized potataw?" The poor dumbfounded waitress modestly asked—"Any more what, sir?" "Pulverized potataw, my girl—pulverized potataw; and please be expeditious in placing it before me!" It isn't likely the girl would have known that the gentleman meant mashed potatoes, had he not pointed energetically to a dish of that vegetable, which had just been placed upon the table. The laughter, silent but hearty, in which his neighbors indulged, nearly deprived them of the benefit of what they were eating, and the story made a good joke for the day.

A JUDICIAL WHY.—Judge Norton was solemn, stern, and dignified to excess. He was also at once egotistical and sensitive to ridicule. Judge Nelson was a wit, careless of decorum, and had a sharp voice. He did not like Judge Norton. At a bar supper, Judge Norton, *in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, the* rude practice of that period, and the discomforts of a profession in that country, described in a tragic manner a thunder storm which once overtook him in riding the old circuit.

"It was a night in the forest; the scene was awful, and," said the Judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Why, then," interrupted Nelson, in his peculiar squeal, "*why, in thunder, then, didn't you get under another tree!*"

THE STOLEN KISS.

Like quenching, at a sudden stepped-on rill,
The thirst created by the noon-tide heat,
Whose waters bubble o'er the mouth they fill,
And speed fresh strength to the heart's languid beat,
Was the cool kiss upon my cheek she laid
(First pledge of love, which modesty did seal,)
The while, affecting slumber, I betrayed
Her lip-toe softness near my couch to steal.
I longed to gaze upon her flushed-up face,
But set mine eyes as in unbroken rest;
I longed to clasp her in a fond embrace,
But held my arms, impassive, o'er my breast;
I would not so her bashfulness have shamed,
Nor forced her lily coyness to unfold;
I naught exacted, though I might have claimed
Another kiss, to keep that one untold;
But treasured the sweet secret all my own,
For meditation's purer reverie,
To be mused on when the dark years were flown
Which leave less gracious things to memory.

ANTIPATHY OF LIKE TO LIKE.—Wherever two natures have a great deal in common, the conditions of a first-rate quarrel are furnished ready made. Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are too much alike. It is frightful to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies; to see the hereditary uncomeliness or infirmity of body, all the defects of speech, all the failings of temper, intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflections, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors. Nature knows what she is about. The centrifugal principle which grows out of antipathy of like for like, is only the repetition in character of an arrangement we see expressed materially in certain seed capsules, which burst and throw the seed to all points of the compass; a house is a larger pod with a human germ or two in each of its cells or chambers: it opens by dehiscence of the front door by and by, and projects one of its germs to Kansas, another to San Francisco, another to Chicago, and so on:—and this that Smith may not be Smithed to death, and Brown be Browned into a madhouse, but mix in the world again and struggle back to average humanity.

☞ A man once observed that milestones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

A MAN OF TWO IDEAS.

OLD TOURIST.—"Pray, waiter, is there anything around here to while away the time until the dinner-hour?"

WAITER.—"Yessir; which would you please to take, sir? WINE or SPIRITS, sir?"

Agricultural.

CIDER-MAKING.

We find in the Ohio Farmer the following admirable directions on cider-making. Although the making of cider is not so extensively practised as it has been in past years, yet if we do a thing at all, it is best to do it well:

Although nearly every farmer makes from one to twenty or more barrels of cider yearly, yet few apply to the manufacture any more than a mechanical knowledge, or the following of some routine method descended from father to son, and the consequence is that no more than one-tenth of the liquor denominated cider, deserves a name beyond that of poor vinegar.

Cider, when carefully made, with a due knowledge of its properties, becomes a pleasant and healthful drink, far better in its native purity than when manufactured and sold as champagne wine; for, be it known, very many thousand bottles of so-called champagne are nothing more than cider re-manufactured. All varieties of apples can be manufactured into cider, yet the properties of a cider and a table apple are very different, although sometimes combined in the same fruit. Toughness, dryness, and a fibrous flesh, and astringency, are all good properties in a cider apple. Yellow flesh indicates richness and strength; and the heavier the mast the stronger the cider. Late-ripening apples, or those which require to be housed, are not profitable for cider, because of the extra expense of housing; all apples requiring to be fully ripe and mellow before making up. Apples which fall from the tree fully ripe, make better cider than those which are shaken off the tree. Keeping the fruit under cover from one to three weeks before making up, increases the strength and flavor of the cider. Care must be taken that the fruit is spread thin, and freely exposed to the currents of air, otherwise it will often contract an unpleasant smell, which will affect the taste of the cider. As the fruit becomes ripened and mellow, the juice is reduced in quantity, but increased in weight, and heightened in flavor. If, however, they are left too long, and decay commences, the quality is injured by a peculiar musty tone or flavor imparted to the liquor; all decayed or decaying fruits should, therefore, be carefully picked out before grinding. Unripe apples should never be mixed with those fully ripened and mellow; much of the merit of cider depends upon the proper separation of fruit, as we have just stated, and also in selecting colors; those of a rich, yellow tinge in skin being superior to those of a greenish cast; they should never be mixed. Mixing varieties, while it often adds to the value of the cider, must not be done, if any certain quality is sought to be obtained, and a uniform character established by the manufacturer, unless it may be that two distinct varieties are mixed in certain proportions, as two to one, etc., and a quality of cider made, which it is desired to have again and again. In such a case, the same mixture must be made, and the like proportions. An astringent, harsh fruit, and a rich, sweet apple, will often be found to combine the qualities requisite for the very highest flavor, and heaviest body.

Grinding the fruit is a very important item in the manufacture of good cider. The whole fruit, pulp, seed, rind and all, should be completely mashed. If the juice of an apple be extracted without bruising the fruit, it will be found thin and defective in richness, compared to the juice of the same apple after being perfectly macerated and left exposed to the influence of the air and light for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Grinding should, therefore, be very perfect, and the pomace remain for one or two days before making up.

The making up of the cheese for pressing should be performed only upon a clean, sweet platform, and rye straw free from rust or weeds, used to confine it in place. A gentle pressure should be first given, and the cider from such first running should be barrelled by itself, the cheese allowed to stand, say twelve hours, then additional pressure given, from which will be obtained the best quality of liquor; the last running will perhaps be the most clear, but its richness will be found diminished; in other words, the saccharine matter or sugar will be less, and of course the quality inferior. After the last running, or when no more juice of the apple in its pure state can be obtained, the top of the cheese is sometimes taken off and a few pailfulls of water applied, when pressure is again applied, and a very inferior quality of liquor obtained, almost entirely destitute of sugar, but often making a tolerable vinegar.

The fermentation may be said to be the completion of the work of making and managing cider, although racking off and bottling are afterwards necessary to bring it to perfection. The time which may elapse after making the cider before fermentation commences, depends both upon the quality and condition of the fruit from which it is made, and the temperature of the weather. If the fruit is only partially ripe, and the weather warm, fermentation often commences within a few hours after expressing the juice, while if the weather is cold and the fruit well ripened, days, or possibly weeks may elapse before fermentation commences. In either case, it is better to place the casks under a shed protected from the sun, but *open to a free circulation of air. Leave out the bungs. Have* ready a cask with the bung kept in, and as the fermentation goes on, and the froth issues from the bung-holes, fill up from day to day from the cask in which the bung has been kept. As soon as the froth ceases to issue from the bung-holes, see that the cask is full, then drive in the bungs tightly, leaving open a small vent or spigot for a few days, or until the froth becomes like pure light cream, free from dirty particles, then close all up tight; the less fermentation takes place, the sweeter will be the liquor. Clean, sweet casks must always be supplied, and if any tinge of mustiness, slack some fresh lime in each cask, leaving it from one to four hours. If one operation is not sufficient, repeat the process.

THE FRUIT ORCHARD.

Take care of your trees, friends! and they will richly repay you. But a majority of the trees annually planted fail to grow—some in consequence of drying or freezing while out of the ground, and others from bad management or neglect on the part of the planters.—The following hints are designed to guard against the most common errors in planting and managing fruit trees:

On receiving a lot of trees, if you have to carry them a distance, wrap the roots securely with moist straw, or other material, to prevent drying, and immediately on reaching home, cover the roots with mellow earth, where they can remain till ready for planting—then take out but few at a time, so as not to expose the roots from drying.

The soil for an orchard must not be wet. Rolling or hilly land, if not too wet, is considered the best; but level land will do, if naturally dry, or well underdrained, so that water will not stand long on the surface, nor about the roots of the trees. If too poor to produce a good crop of corn, enrich it with rotten manure, then plough as deep as possible, and harrow well before planting the trees.

Digging the holes, in land thus prepared, is but a small job, as they need not be much, if any, larger than sufficient to contain the roots in their natural position. But if the soil is poor or shallow, it is better to dig out a few inches more of the bottom soil, and fill it with surface earth, before setting the trees.

To prepare the tree for planting, cut off any decayed or broken parts of the roots; then reduce the top, to correspond with the loss of roots—cutting off surplus branches, and reducing those at the head one-half or two-thirds their length, leaving only three or four buds on each last year's shoot. This will cause a more healthy and vigorous growth the first season—and its omission is a common cause of the failure or sickly growth of newly-planted trees.

In setting, let one person hold the tree in its position, while another fills in with mellow earth, pressing it firmly among the roots with the hand, taking care to leave no cavities underneath; and when the roots are all covered, pressing the whole down firmly with the foot, observing that the proper depth is for the roots to be an inch deeper, when planted, than in the nursery.

The time for planting is in the Fall, when the leaves fall from the forest—say from the 20th of October to the 20th of November, in Ohio. Trees procured in the Fall may be kept safely for planting in Spring, by burying them half their length in sandy earth in a sloping position, where no water is liable to stand: and for peach or cherry trees, a slight covering of brush, or forest leaves, over the tops, will be of service, in case the winter should prove severe. Small bushes, like currants, gooseberries, raspberries, grapes, etc., may be buried entirely in earth, if taken up in the Fall, and not planted before Spring.

Trees planted in the Fall, should have the earth hilled up around the stems, six inches or more in height, and pressed firmly with the foot, to hold the trees firmly in position, during winter, and protect the roots somewhat from frost and excess of wet. It is also a protection against injury by mice.

Pear trees prefer a strong, loamy, or clayey soil—the deeper the better. If the subsoil is a hard pan, it should be dug out six inches or more below the ends of the roots, and filled in with surface earth, before planting the tree; and if the soil is poor, manure plentifully for several years after planting, but do not put any manure in contact with the roots just planted.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

A HINT FOR DAIRYMEN.—We often meet with notices of good cows, and a large dairy composed of such would prove highly profitable, but too often a few poor animals throw the balance on the wrong side. For instance, a farmer in Massachusetts, keeping ten cows, found they averaged 1,600 quarts to the cow, but the five best averaged 2,000 quarts, leaving 1,200 quarts to each of the five poorer ones. The best cows gave a profit of $18 each—the poorer ones were kept at a loss of $14 each, thus destroying nearly the whole profit of the dairy. No man can afford to keep a poor cow at the expense of the better ones—he should rather fatten for beef, or give away, even, than to pursue such a course of dairying. Let every cow's value be tested, and those that do not come up to the point of profit should go to the shambles.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

CHEAP PAINT.—Noticing an inquiry for a cheap paint to put on old buildings, in answer I would say I have had some experience in that line, and will give the desired information. In the first place, take some fine oil meal, mix it with cold water; then put it on the stove, and keep stirring it till it boils. Then reduce it to the required thickness with warm water. If you wish it white, stir in whiting, or any color you like. Apply with a brush, the same as paint. It fills the pores *in the wood, so that after two coats, it will* cost no more to paint an old building than it would a new one. It penetrates the wood, and does not peel off like whitewash. It is never safe to paint over whitewash. It will last a number of years, as the oily nature of the meal keeps it from washing.—*Country Gentleman.*

PUTRIDITY IN WELLS.—Sometimes the water in wells suddenly acquires a putrid taste and smell, as though some animal matter was undergoing decay therein, yet which upon careful examination is found not to be the case. The Homestead tells of such an instance, and a remedy was found in the thorough agitation of the water, by working a chain pump for two hours, bringing the water more or less in contact with the air. The next day the water was as sweet as ever. In the case of a cistern of filtered rain water, the same remedy of agitation was resorted to with equal success.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—"A Mechanic" wishes to know the best way of making tomato ketchup. I will give you my receipt.

Take one gallon of skinned tomatoes, fully ripe, one pint of sharp vinegar, two table spoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, two of mustard, all ground fine, simmered slowly three hours in a porcelain kettle. Strain through a sieve. It may be used in three weeks, but improves by age. I have some now, that was made one year ago, and it is much better than when new.—*New England Farmer.*

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FEDERAL CAKE.—One lb. flour, one lb sugar, half pound butter, quarter pound currants, one wine glass brandy, or wine, or rose water; two eggs; nutmeg. This makes a dough, which must be rolled out in thickish cakes. These will keep three months. E. C.

CRELLS.—Two and a quarter pounds flour; rub in butter the size of a walnut; beat three eggs, and add one pound dry sugar, nutmeg, one tea spoonful soda dissolved in rose water; cream tartar ditto. This makes a dough, which may be formed into twists, and fried in goose dripplings.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Boil one quart milk; sift in three tablespoonfuls farina. Take it off the fire, and add quarter pound butter. When cold, beat six eggs, separately. Add to the yolks three quarters pound sugar, and the meat of one grated cocoanut. Stir the mixture into the boiling milk, add the whites, and bake in crust.

A BRIEF SERMON.—The following sermon, if brief, and to the point, comprises, in five lines, a great deal of truth:—

Our ingress in life is naked and bare,
Our progress through life is trouble and care,
Our egress out of it we know not where;
But doing well here, we shall do well there:
I could not tell more by preaching a year.

☞ Most modern authors lard their lean works with the fat of older works; and so their predecessors did before them.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 5, 7, 31, 4, 13, 8, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 30, 3, 31, 11, 14, 24, is a book in the New Testament.
My 14, 7, 9, 6, 7, 14, was a prophet.
My 31, 19, 20, 11, 25, was a daughter of Saul.
My 32, 24, 17, 18, 32, 30, was chosen queen by Ahasuerus.
My 11, 25, 19, 8, was a son of Adam.
My 15, 25, 26, 23, was the father of Jehu.
My 1, 7, 25, 10, 29, is a mountain in Palestine.
My 20, 11, 12, 13, 14, 5, is the birds by which Elijah was fed.
My 3, 22, 5, 30, 7, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 7, 21, 7, 21, was king of the Amalekites.
My 29, 4, 17, 10, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 27, 7, 8, 24, 33, is what no person should be.
My 6, 13, 30, 31, 28, 14, is a mountain in Palestine.
My whole is one of the commandments.

AMANDA J. SPENCER.
Morgan Co., Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 8, 2, 9, 1, is an iron pin.
My 11, 9, 14, 10, 13, 7, is a living being sacrificed.
My 1, 9, 6, 8, is a beast of prey.
My 11, 15, 14, 16, 4, 5, is a conqueror.
My 1, 15, 3, 5, 10, 16, 15, 6, 8, is the act of balancing.
My 11, 12, 1, 1, 2, 9, 13, is a very wicked person.
My 7, 4, 13, 12, 16, 6, 5, is one who warns of faults.
My whole is a Latin proverb. R. B.
Trinity, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first ordained a time of rest,
But oft 'tis one of toil;
'Tis sweep and brush—scour and scrub,
All hubbub and turmoil.

My second's come, all work is done;
Papa has come to tea,
And in our cosy dining-room,
We sit all cheerfully.

Mamma is sitting by my third,
And breaks the nice fresh rolls,
And tells papa with a cheerful word,
To seat and take my whole.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. B. SIMMONS.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mountain in Asia.
A county in Iowa.
A county in Pennsylvania.
A State in the United States.
A cape of Africa.
An island of Africa.
A county in Pennsylvania.
An island in the Caribbean sea.
A power of Europe.

The initials give the name of a river in the New World, finals where situated.

WM. TOLBERT TOTTEN.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gray hound is 10 rods distant from a deer; the deer starts off at right angles to the line, joining them, and the hound pursues in the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle to intercept it. Now the velocity of the dog is to that of the deer as 3 to 2. How far does each run before the deer is caught? J. W. SMITH.

☞ An answer is requested.

ANALYTICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man has $50 in silver and gold; 5-6 of the silver increased by $10 is equal to 1⅗ times the gold. What amount has he of each kind?

Manor Dale, Pa. J. F. H.

☞ The analysis is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ A blind man went out to tea, when there, how did he contrive to see? Ans.—He took a cup and saucer (saw, sir).

☞ Why must a manufacturer of steel pens be a very immoral character? Ans.—He makes his customers steel (steal) pens, and then persuades them they do write (right).

☞ Of what color is grass when it is covered with snow? Ans.—Invisible green.

☞ When may a butler of the olden time be said to have discharged his master? Ans.—When he gave him the sack.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Oh praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise Him all ye people." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A rattle-snake—"Don't tread on me." CHARADE—Steel-yards. CHARADE—Justice. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—8 days.

Some time since (I think March 5th, 1859,) the following problem was published, but no answer was ever given it:

PROBLEM.

A and B kill a deer, whose weight they are desirous of knowing. They have no steelyards with which to weigh. They are in the woods. After deliberating awhile, A says to B if you can tell me your weight, I can contrive to weigh the deer where we are. B replies my weight is 192 pounds, and mine says A is 147 pounds. How did they manage to weigh the deer, and what was the weight? They procured a pole (its length is immaterial) and placed it across a fulcrum, so that when A got on the longer end, and B on the shorter end of it, they balanced each other exactly. A then took the deer in his arms and got on the *shorter* end of the pole, and B on the *longer* end, and they balanced each other exactly again. The weight of the deer is thus found to be 106 38-49 pounds. ARTEMUS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

THE EYE.—When the eye is irritated by dust, or intrusive particles of any kind, the sufferer invariably shuts and rubs his eye, and not unfrequently the removal of the irritating cause thereby becomes more difficult. The proper practice is to keep the eye open, as if staring; a sort of rotary movement of the ball takes place, the surface becomes covered with water, the particle is gradually impelled to the corner of the eye, and is there floated out, or can be easily removed, without any of the disagreeable consequences that attend shutting and rubbing.